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LOG BOOK OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Page

FRONTISPIECE . . . . By Eliot Keen

Plymouth Rock—"The Corner Stone of American Liberty" 14

The stone is now inclosed in a handsome granite canopy, but the gates are opened so that visitors may press their feet upon this "Rock of All the Ages." One of the most interesting sights in the home of the Pilgrims.

A Sketch of Plymouth in 1620 22

as near as it can be surmised from the records, is of interest.

It is reproduced by permission from a copyrighted picture owned by Mr. A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, and shows the Governor's House somewhat more imposing than the rest, and the others grouped around it.

Clark's Island 22

Directly opposite Plymouth. A party of the Pilgrims, in a shallop, were driven ashore on this island in a storm. Not till daylight did they discover their exact whereabouts. They finally made their way to the mainland and decided to select it as their place of settlement.

In honor of the port in England from whence they had sailed, they named it Plymouth.

"God had sifted three Kingdoms, to find the wheat for this planting."—*Longfellow.*

Old Church in Austerfield, England . . 22

attended by Governor Bradford and his friends just prior to the exodus of the Pilgrims to Holland. Bradford was then about seventeen years of age.

Page

Birthplace of Bradford 22

Birthplace of Bradford in Austerfield, England, first Governor of Plymouth, leader and historian of the Pilgrims.

The Old Burying Ground at Plymouth . . 30

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow tittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."
—*Gray's Elegy.*

No spot in Plymouth is so interesting to the antiquarian as Burial Hill. It is indeed hallowed ground. Here lies all that is mortal of that famous "Mayflower" band. Here are the graves of Governor Bradford, Governor Carver, Elder Brewster and others. It stands on an eminence back of the town, where the Old Fort originally stood, and has its entrance to the right of the First Church in America.

Interior of Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth . . . 22

This is one of the most interesting places in New England. Many relics of rare historical importance are in this collection and no tourist should leave the town without paying it a visit. The pictures of Elder Brewster's Chair, the White Cradle, Spinning Wheel, etc., were all kindly loaned by the Society and permission granted to use them.

Among other valuable possessions owned by the Society may be mentioned the Sword of Miles Standish, an ancient Christening Blanket, Certificate with Autograph Signature of Lord Nelson, Steel Yards, Halberds, Samplers, Bead Purses, Shoes, Chests, Slippers, Canes, Hats, Coats, etc., worn by the Pilgrims or of that date. Also Letter from Oliver Cromwell, Original Wills of Peregrine White, etc. etc.

The Church of Scrooby, England . . . 30

The old church at Scrooby, England, from which William Brewster and his freinds seceded, to form the first body of "Separatists."

Drawn by William Holman at Scrooby and kindly loaned bv the Pilgrim Societv.

Page

The First Church in America of the Pilgrims 30

The first church of the Separatists or Pilgrims was organized under the leadership of William Brewster (afterwards Elder Brewster)—at his home in Scrooby Manor, England. Here in his drawing-room on Sundays gathered together for divine service a small company of men and women determined to be forever free in their expression of religious devotions.

This organization, after removal, established the First Church in America, as it was called. It is still in existence and occupies a stately edifice in the old town of Plymouth. It has piously preserved its records in unbroken succession from the days of Robinson and Brewster to the present. It is well worth a visit.

Home of the Great Captain of the Pilgrims, Miles Standish, near Duxbury . 38

Where he lies buried no man knows, but it is believed to be in Harden Hill in Duxbury which is now marked by a group of large boulders flanked on all four sides by cannon.

Home of John Alden and Priscilla . . . 38

"Archly the maiden smiled and with eyes over running with laughter,
Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

In Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the romantic story of their love-making is told. The house to which he took his young bride is still standing and can be seen a short distance from the railroad track near Duxbury.

Some Interesting Relics of the Pilgrim Fathers 38

Cradle of Peregrine White, first white child born in New England. This interesting event happened while the "Mayflower" was still at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.

Chair belonging to Elder Brewster.

A Spinning Wheel of the time of the Pilgrims.

Page

Monument on Captain's Hill, Duxbury . . 38

In honor of the Pilgrim's intrepid fighter, Captain Standish.

Forefathers' Monument 38

A gigantic marble column erected on Burial Hill, and dedicated to the immortal company of the "Mayflower." The name of every passenger is inscribed on the square tablets on the column.

The Governor Benning Wentworth Mansion at Portsmouth, N. H. . . . 46

Reginald Wentworth, Lord of the Manor of Wentworth, in Berks, is considered the common ancestor of the Wentworths of England and America.

Another distinguished member of this family was the Marquis of Rockingham, who voted for the repeal of the Stamp Act and acted with Chatham against Lord North.

Yet it was the enforcement of the Stamp Act under Sir John Wentworth, last of the Royalist Governors of New Hampshire, which caused the War of Revolution and precipitated the ruin of the family estates in America. "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago is a descendant of this family.

The Home of Rebecca Nurse at Danvers, Mass. 50

(still standing) an aged and infirm old lady, universally beloved by her neighbors, who was tried for witchcraft.

So ridiculous was the testimony presented that the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." But the frenzied people demanded her life and the judge ordered a verdict of guilty.

Headquarters of Gen. Gage at Danvers . . 54

Birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Salem, Mass. 58

The Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Mass. . . 70

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be—
Built in the old Colonial Days,
When men lived in a grander way."
—*Longfellow.*

Celebrated in Longfellow's poems of "Twice Told Tales."

Page

Monument to Hannah Duston, Haverhill . 78

This woman's experience while unusually frightful was typical of the fate that awaited those who were the unfortunate victims of the Indians in Colonial days.

As a prisoner, she was compelled to follow her captors many weary days. At length, worn out by their exertions to escape the pursuing enemy, they sank into an exhaustive sleep.

Mrs. Duston seized her opportunity. With unexampled heroism she despatched no less than fourteen of her captors. In the confusion which followed she made her escape and in due time reached the settlement of Haverhill.

Monument at the "Old North Bridge," Concord, Mass. 86

where the advance of the British was finally checked, 1775. The graves of the first two British soldiers killed in the war are at the end of the Bridge.

Where the Good Gray Poet, John G. Whittier, Was Born 94

Haverhill, Mass., now a prosperous shoe town.

Statue of the "Minute Men," Concord, Mass. 102

Monroe Tavern, Lexington, Mass. . . . 110

where the "Minute Men" gathered to oppose the advance of the British, 1775.

Birthplace of Horace Greeley, at Amherst, N. H. 118

Founder of the New York *Tribune* and the greatest of all the anti-slavery agitators.

The Birthplace of President Franklin Pierce at Hillsboro, N. H. 126

Pierce was a great friend of Hawthorne's, both being classmates at Bowdoin College.

Page

Interior of President Pierce's Birthplace . . 134

Note the old Colonial wall paper now coming into vogue again.

Monument to "Minute Men" at Lexington . 142

"Stand your ground; Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war, let it begin here." Capt. Parker to the "Minute Men" at Lexington, April 17, 1775.

The Old Manse at Concord, Mass. 150

Residence of Emerson's grandfather, "The Fighting Parson," and where Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse."

Residence of Denman Thompson at Swanzey, N. H. 166

Mr. Thompson's great character, "Joshua Whitcomb" in the "Old Homestead," has been witnessed by thousands and is one of the most interesting "B'gosh" plays ever produced.

"Old Man of the Mountains" 174

Entrance to Crawford Notch and New Profile House, Franconia, N. H. 182

Main Street in Old Amherst 190

Seat of Amherst College, from which Henry Ward Beecher graduated.

SNAP SHOTS

Owl Head, on the Shore of Bar Harbor . . 194

View of Camden, Maine 198

Surf near Camden 206

A Bit of the Berkshires 214

Lake Maguntícook, Maine 222

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Mr. Goggles

CHAPTER I.

[*Wireless Message from Nantucket Lightship to Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Union Club, Fifth Ave., New York, from the Earl of Drysdale.*]

ON BOARD H. M. R. M. SS. LUCANIA,
OFF NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP, June, 190—

Breakfast with me to-morrow, Palm Room, Waldorf, Came over rather suddenly. Very important.

DRYDSALE.

[*Letter from the Earl of Drysdale to Schuyler Van Rensselaer at Lenox, Mass.*]

THE WALDORF.
MONDAY.

Dear Schuyler:

I was awfully knocked out to find that after all you did not get my wireless, for I have simply a chapter of horrors to write you in consequence.

You remember that little affair at Longchamps last summer in which, instead of being ridiculous as usual, I came out what you call, I think, a "winner."

Well, of course, the fellow was a dreadful cad, as you know, to strike her horse the way he did, and if I had not caught the beast he would have bolted. But

any one else would have done the same thing, and when he tried to thrash me for my interference it wasn't his fault that he didn't know that I was stroke in the 'Varsity team and the best boxer in Oxford in my time.

We all make mistakes, you know, and when it was all over and she came out of the crowd to shake hands and say I was the real thing—whatever that means—I felt more than repaid, for the look in her face reassured me.

I didn't see her again till one afternoon in London. She was very anxious to visit the House of Lords, and I passed her, with a party of friends, reading the notice at the portal, "This Entrance for Peers, Sons of Peers, and Ministers Plenipotentiary Only."

Dear me, it was a narrow escape! I had almost entered when I caught myself and bowed. I belonged in London, I said, and perhaps I could serve them.

She doubted it, because the American Ambassador had informed her that no passes could be obtained that would admit them before at least six weeks, all having been secured up to that time. They were awfully put out, as they had booked to sail in two weeks, but wanted to see the Lords and Commons very much.

I could have kicked the attendant who asked, "Shall I get some tickets for your Lordship?" Fortunately, the ladies didn't hear, and I said: "If you will wait a little I might fix things for you. My governor is well known to some of the members. Pardon me a moment."

And I went behind a pillar and wrote an order for a pass which I gave to the door-keeper. In due time they were ushered in, and I walked, rode or ran over to the Marlborough Club, I don't remember which, and

braced my shattered nerves with some Scotch-and-soda.

Once again, and only once, did I see her. Some friends of mine came in from the provinces, and after doing Madame Tussaud, I took them to the Tower. "That," I said, pointing to the cornice of the Tower on the north end, "is the place where Sir Walter Raleigh spent many a weary hour walking to and fro."

"You don't mean *our* Sir Walter Raleigh," said a pleasant voice at my side; "the Raleigh who settled Virginia? I'm from the States," she rattled on, and then—

Well, she blushed furiously when I turned around, and begged pardon for her intrusion. However, before I could regain my wits she had disappeared.

But that glance decided me, and here I am.

I sha'n't worry you with my more than Sherlock Holmes-like perspicacity in discovering her abiding-place and her ultimate destination. I could not make a booking on the same steamer, and though I am about a week late I am on the same half of the world with her.

Her father, I believe, is in trade of some sort. Are there such things as Tobacco Magnates? And what are they? I believe he does something in that line, whatever it is.

And so I came over here hot-foot to find her. She told some of my friends that before going back to the tall grass—does she live in the fields?—she was going down East to see some of her father's people, and also to visit some of the noted places in that part of the country.

So I thought I too would go down East, and thereby hangs a tale. I went to one of those large booking-offices where they send people out in droves to see

places. "Personally Conducted Tours" is, I believe, what they call them.

When inside the office the clerk said: "The manager can't see you before noon." As it lacked only a few moments of that hour I decided to wait, wondering why the manager wanted to see me.

Presently the door of the private office opened, and before I had time to speak the manager said: "You look a likely sort. Ever traveled much?"

"A good deal," I said, still at a loss to understand what next was coming.

"You remittance men generally have good training, and if you'd only let booze alone could do very well. If you'll promise to cut it out for three months I'll take a chance on you and let you pilot a party through New England, starting to-morrow. You get twenty a week and found. If that's a go say the word and it's settled."

I was too dazed to know what to do, but I had sense enough to know that I was expected to escort a mixed party of travelers through a part of the country I was anxious to visit myself.

My heart stood still at the thought of being sponsor for a mob of what we call "Cookies" at home.

"There's some of the bunch out there," broke in the manager—"it's a swell party."

Glory Hallelujah! In the direction pointed out, there stood the object of my search, and it suddenly occurred to me that much might be gained by the deal. So without knowing much more than I have told you, I accepted the position, and to-morrow I go to Boston in charge of a Personally Conducted Tour through New England.

I am so thoroughly dazed that I cannot write you

any more to-night. But to-morrow I will tell you for the time being you are to be Lord Arthur Drysdale and all the rest of it, while I for the time being become Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Manager of a Personally Conducted Tour through New England, as per advertisement of Welland & Haymont, Tourist Ticket Offices. Till then, Yours,

DRYSDALE.

P. S.—The manager of the concern suddenly asked me my name and I had to say something. I did not want to give my real one, of course, but I wanted one that sounded real, so, without thinking what I was doing, I told him my name was Schuyler Van Rensselaer. And that was what went down on the books, and under that awful appellation I shall live for a few days or weeks.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to John Winthrop, Esq., of Winthrop, Morris & Co., Tobacco Manufacturers, Richmond, Va.*]

NEW YORK.

You dear old Sweetheart:

Here we are again once more in the land of liberty where every one is as good as the next and a great deal better.

I tell you, pop, this liberty, equality, e pluribus unum, et cetera, is all to the good—for those who like it; but I don't mind telling you that there are some things on the other side that would bear transplanting here to the great advantage of dear Uncle Sam.

Now I am not in love with any particular Englishman,

and I still say "bath" instead of "bawth." But I couldn't help noticing that some things are done better in London than we do them in Pittsburgh, Pa., and they are the things that cost nothing, too.

We left Southampton on the St. Paul last Saturday, and arrived at Sandy Hook this morning. There were the usual number of Somebodies and the usual lot of Nobodies who thought they were Somebodies. And of course that irrepressible nuisance who saw nothing good in Europe and who constantly vociferated that Little Old New York was good enough for him.

Of course patriotism is well enough in its way, and I hope you don't think I have lost any of mine. In fact, I know I haven't. But I have been visiting our Old Home—yours and mine, and that of countless thousands of other Americans, and such assertiveness struck me unpleasantly.

How much nicer it was and how much more tactful, to have Sir Arthur Pembroke, a well-known member of Parliament, arise, as he did at the conclusion of the concert last Wednesday night, to request that the glee club (composed entirely of Britishers) would sing, out of compliment to the American ship on which they was sailing, to the American passengers, and to the great country he was going to see for the first time, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Instantly we all sprang to our feet and cheered first for that grand old tune, then for the courteous Englishman who had proposed it. Tears filled my eyes as we all joined in the singing, and I had a queer sensation running all through me.

Popsy, I don't know just what made me do it, but

when that hymn ended I actually got on my feet among all those passengers and said, with a grandiloquent gesture, meant to conceal my nervousness: "Fellow citizens, are we to be excelled even in courtesy by an Englishman?" (Cries of "Hear, hear! No, No!") "I call for a volunteer quartette, all Americans, to sing 'God Save the King!' "

I tell you, Dad, that made a great hit. Before I knew it, I was led or pushed up to the piano amid a whirlwind of applause. When I struck the first bar of England's national anthem my nervousness had all disappeared and the notes rang out true and clear. Of course everybody rose, and such a volume of sound went up that my poor little playing and the voices of the quartette were completely lost. Everybody was delighted and the evening wound up in a blaze of glory, so to speak.

I mention this as an illustration of the courteous spirit which met me on every side in England. If it contrasts unpleasantly with the spirit of the Little Old New Yorkers, I am sorry.

I shall have much to tell you when I come home. I visited many of the places your early ancestors came from. I made a drawing of the home of William Brewster at Scrooby Manor—immortalized in the annals of the First Church in Plymouth by the loving title "Elder Brewster," and I stood in the same drawing-room where so many of the future passengers of the Mayflower were wont to gather for divine service on Sunday afternoons.

That was before they had formally resolved to organize a separate church. Later, when they had formed the first Congregational Society in the world, they met at a quaint little inn called the Saracen's Head. I made a drawing of that also and one or two others,

Austerfield Church, where Wm. Bradford—afterwards Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony—was baptized, and of Austerfield, where he was born.

Besides these I have the old Scrooby Church, where the Pilgrims formerly worshipped and from which they seceded.

I can't begin to tell you how much all this interested and delighted me. I tried hard to get a portrait of the Rev. John Robinson, their first pastor, and their only pastor till the day of his death. He was a man of singular beauty of character and of great liberality of spirit.

In his great work Brewster was powerfully aided by Robinson, who remained steadfast during their exile to Holland, their return to England and their final departure to America. I was delighted to know that this First Church, as it was called, is still in existence in the little town they founded on the shores of Massachusetts Bay—Plymouth, and that the church has piously preserved its records, from the days of Robinson and Brewster to the present.

When I had finally exhausted the treasures of Austerfield and Scrooby, I took a run up to Groton in Suffolk,—the home of your most illustrious ancestor, the Hon. John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts and leader of the great Puritan exodus that was to found our great Republic.

I have never been absolutely clear about the difference between Pilgrim and Puritan. I learned that the Pilgrims were for absolute separation from the Church of England, while the Puritans thought the needed reforms could be accomplished without such a radical step.

In those days it meant something to incur the dis-

pleasure of the royal authority in church affairs. The Puritans thought that the Pilgrims, by their more advanced position, would bring about a conflict that would be ruinous to all. In this respect they were like the opponents of slavery in our own ante-civil-war days. The Puritans hotly resented being called Separatists, just as the anti-slavery men denied being Abolitionists.

Though the Puritans, like the Abolitionists, were weak numerically and in all probability might never have been strong enough to found a new state, the fact remains that the principle for which they both contested —religious freedom and the abolishment of slavery— became ultimately the object for which all contended and achieved.

So you see, Popper, you must let me reverence, even more than I have, the memory of my great, great, great maternal grandmother, even if she did make her bashful lover propose to her.

I wonder if these "Little Old New Yorkers" could go back more than twenty years if they tried without landing in some out of the way place that nobody ever heard of before?

Well, this is a dreffful long letter, dear Daddy, but I got quite worked up and simply couldn't help it.

Your affectionate daughter,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Schuyler Van Rensselaer, of Lenox, to the Earl of Drysdale.*]

My Dear Drysdale:

What crazy *mal-de-mer* scheme has got into your head now?

Of course you can use my name, although I have just refused a flattering offer from the agent of a large cigar concern for a similar privilege. He even showed me a huge twelve sheet poster (he called it) of myself, large enough to cover the side of a house, inscribed:

"The Smoke of Quality!"
Van Rensselaer Cigars
Frequently Good! !
Largest Seller in the World! ! !
5 cts. All Dealers.

My face (frontispiece, he called it) was framed in an oval of bay-leaves *à la* Cæsar, Hannibal, and Napoleon. My necktie was a vivid red, my clothes of a checkerboard pattern, and my thumbs were stuck in my armpits.

I was to get quite a comfortable sum of money for this, besides unlimited "Van Rensselaers" to smoke.

But I spurned the offer. I gently but firmly informed the puryevor of this delectable weed that I could not have fame thrust upon me. "Until I have done something of which my countrymen are proud," I said, "I cannot pose even on a bill board as a celebrity. Do not tempt me. Try Knockefeller or J. Pierpont."

And now you want this valuable privilege for nothing. Well, old man, go ahead. I send this note addressed to myself as desired. So you start right.

Let me hear from you soon. The Embassy crowd are coming up. Can't you come up for the week end?

Faithfully,

VAN.

Plymouth Rock and Canopy

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[*Letter from Miss Helen Winthrop to her Father.*]

THE TOURAINE, BOSTON, July 5, 19—

Your dear O. S. T.:

That means Old Sweet Thing, stupid, so don't waste any more time puzzling over it, for I'm in a hurry to tell you lots and lots about the loveliest trip I ever made.

We left New York for Boston on the Fall River Line. You may not believe me, Popsy, but New York is celebrated for some other things besides the fact that it is the headquarters of your Tobacco Company. I know you don't like me to make such rash statements, but if you had seen that glorious panoply of storied towers that stood revealed as our boat majestically glided out into the river, I think even you would admit it. The sun was quite low in the west and threw a fiery glow into myriads of windows. The atmosphere is so ravishingly clear that the sail which now commenced was far more beautiful than anything I had ever dreamed of even in my wildest fancies.

In a few moments we were out in midstream headed for the bay, where the boat swings around the Battery on its way up the East River to the Sound.

And that Bay! Was there ever a more beautiful harbor in the world? I simply can't describe it. There were great ocean greyhounds coming in and going out. Saucy little tugs darted hither and thither. Lumbering ferry boats, crowded to the rails, with workers homeward bound. Long tows of freight cars, coal barges, yachts, motor boats, excursion boats, tank steamers, and every possible description of marine craft in endless procession and apparent confusion. Yet

all sailed by "the rule of the road" and everything moved in precision.

As we rounded the Battery we got a glimpse of Ellis Island where all the immigrants land; of the great Statue of Liberty; of old Castle William and Governor's Island. In the distance we could see some war ships lying off Staten Island, and knew that the ocean—the deep and dark blue ocean—lay just beyond.

I got busy with my camera, and I will just paste a few of these pictures in this letter, which will help you to enjoy the trip next year, when you make it again with me, for I am determined that you are not going to waste all your time making more dollars than you or I can ever spend decently.

Well, almost before you could say it, we were headed up the East River. The sight of the great city on both sides of the stream was certainly of the keenest interest. Just before you come to the Bridge you get a very sharp contrast between old New York and the new. Below Wall Street ferry, there are some houses of Colonial days still standing, while directly behind them rise the gigantic structures of the present great financial district. I shouldn't be surprised if your office was among them. If so, you should be ashamed to gaze so haughtily at the modest, unpretentious buildings that were there long before you or your Tobacco company were ever thought of. On the right hand side, directly opposite, are the immense warehouses of Brooklyn, and just above them that fashionable part of town known as "The Heights."

They have a new bridge over the East River now. It is not very far from the old one, which we are now passing, and just before you come to it on the New York side is

seen one of the many Recreation Parks, for which this great city is famous. On the Brooklyn side is the Navy Yard. The new bridge ends at the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn—right among the great buildings of the Sugar Trust—friends of yours, I suppose. Then, as we go up a little further, past the 23rd Street ferry to 34th Street, we come to the anchorage of the New York Yacht Club, and almost any evening you can see the boat of your special admirer, J. Pierpont. The "Kanawha" belonging to Rogers of the "System" as Tom says; and other beautiful vessels, owned by New York's great financiers, who make this their anchorage, while the owners slave pitilessly all day in the stifling heat down town piling up money which they do not need.

We are now fairly well "uptown" as they say in New York. On the Brooklyn side is the terminal of the Long Island Railroad; just beyond are some important plants of the Standard Oil Company and various other large manufacturing concerns. Then we come to Astoria, where another new bridge is to be built. Turning to the New York side again we see the top of some of their uptown skyscrapers like the Flat-iron, the Times building, the famous Waldorf-Astoria and the new Plaza Hotel. We also passed several parks and one or two small breathing places such as we saw further downtown. A number of breweries, cigar factories, piano warehouses, etc., are passed in succession.

Pretty soon we came to Blackwell's Island, the city's penitentiary. It contains also almshouses, workhouses and lunatic asylums. It is certainly well kept. Then we enter Hell Gate—terrible now in name only, but in former years a veritable hell for luckless mariners caught unawares in its vortex.

Blackwell's Island is followed by Ward's, Randall's, Hart's and North Brother Islands, all devoted to the uses of the various departments of the city's poor and unfortunate.

In a few moments we reached the Sound proper and were now out on that grand sheet of water—from three to thirty miles wide—which separates Long Island from the mainland.

You feel now as if the trip had only commenced, and that what had gone before was only a curtain-raiser, so to speak. I have not spoken of the boat itself, dear Popsy, but I hardly think Mr. Carnegie in his grand new house in New York is any more comfortable.

The dining room is cheerful and the service good. I can eat your New England breakfast of brown bread, coffee and beans, as it is served in our home and enjoy it. Yet in a restaurant where the plates are an inch thick and the cups have big rough spaces bitten out of the edges, I couldn't eat at all. You understand?

It isn't like a hotel, exactly, because it's nicer, more sociable, more, more—oh, I don't know what to say —likable—I guess, is as good a word as any.

They leave at the right time. You have ample leisure to enjoy the sights I have described before the shades of night render the shore indistinct. By that time the big dinner crush is over, and there is an excellent cuisine and excellent service awaiting you. The charges are reasonable, and the bill of fare embraces all that can be desired.

After dinner I went on deck. We were then about off Willett's Point, a fort on Long Island where a most interesting event occurred.

The orchestra gathered on the top deck. It was then

about sundown, and they grouped themselves at the foot of the halliards that would soon bring Old Glory to the foot of the flagstaff.

As the sailors began slowly to lower the grand old symbol of freedom the orchestra struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." Everybody uncovered, and I tell you, Popsy, I never saw anything that moved me just so much. I just wished I were a man, so I could take off my hat, too.

Toward morning Newport's lights are rapidly approaching as we sail around old Point Judith and catch the beam from Beaver Tail Light. Brenton's Reef Light Ship is passed on the right, and the run up the bay with the great Government Naval Training Station on Conanicut Island on the left has commenced, but is over in a very few moments as our boat ties up at this celebrated town.

[*A Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Dad:

I sha'n't waste much time on the "400" side of Newport. There are hackmen by the dozen who will drive you round the town and say with awed voices: "On the right is the residence of Mr. Jimmie B. Astorbilt; it cost 480,000 million dollars. On the left is the Marble Palace of James Jenkins, the Mustard King; just ahead is the home of Dinkelspiel Dustinstacks, the Coal Baron, etc."

A shining trap comes down the Avenue, and you are congratulated by the driver on having actually seen, with your own eyes, Mrs. Bullionaire, the leader of New York

society with her two famous twin daughters, Gertie and Sue. Think of it!

You are supposed to be properly impressed with this sort of thing, but for my part I declined to listen to it, and ordered the cabman to show me the monument to Oliver Hazard Perry of "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" fame, or his brother, Matthew Galbraith Perry, who first opened the ports of Japan to the trade of the civilized world. It is perhaps not too much to say that the present proud position occupied by the little brown man was greatly hastened by the peremptory demand from Perry that morning fifty years ago, when he secured the first commercial treaty ever made by the Mikado for Western trading, and the United States secured the prize.

It seems a pity to so dwarf all the other exquisite attractions of Newport by its social side, that everything else is forgotten. A gathering at the Casino attracts a crowd of morbid sightseers who act as if it was a circus. Yet as a matter of fact, the town has another side to it, of equal interest and importance. Ample accommodations for persons of moderate means are easily obtainable, and the remarkably salubrious climate of Newport, which is of course, its chief charm for the rich, is within the reach of many thousands who are kept away from Newport just on this account.

I suppose you would insist on living somewhere on the Avenue, or having a house facing the Cliff walk. But, personally I like the other and much less expensive part of town better. But then I'm a Philistine.

It is all very well to make money, dear Dad, but what's the use, if you can't spare time to get the good of it? I

keep telling you this all the time, but you don't believe it, or won't which is the same thing.

But this trip proves one thing to my satisfaction. It is worth more than money to see all the beauties of it, no matter if it cost a fortune, which it doesn't. You spend more for cigars in a week than it all amounts to.

With lots of love and kisses,

Yours,

HELEN.

[*Telegram from Schuyler Van Rensselaer to the Same at Hotel Somerset, Boston.*]

LENOX, MASS.

Wilberforce left here in his motor car for a trip along the South Shore. Forgot to tell him who you are. 'Ware Wilberforce.' VAN.

[*Telegram from Drysdale to Schuyler Van Rensselaer.*]

BOSTON, MASS.

Find Wilberforce and wire him to cut me if we meet, Important. DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Schuyler Van Rensselaer to Drysdale.*]

Dear Drysdale:

I don't know whether you are aware of it or not, but there is absolutely no possibility of keeping up this game for any length of time to speak of.

Wilberforce came up from Washington yesterday and has a letter from your young brother the Honorable

Bradford, and Brad wants to know if you've turned up yet.

Besides that, your twenty-seven trunks are all at the hotel, and one of the pesky things got a hole poked in it on the way over.

That wouldn't be so bad were it not that it has exposed your coat of arms and monogram embroidered on some linen. These are uncommon things for a man to wear in these parts and one of our enterprising yellow journals is making out that you have been mysteriously made away with.

I nearly dropped in my tracks this afternoon when I heard from the Club window: "Uxtra, Terrible!" and a big headline saying:

EARL OF DRYSDALE

D E A D !

I sent a man out for a copy and was immensely relieved to find the words "Is the" printed in very small letters at the top! I couldn't see them from the window at all, of course, and it upset me dreadfully. I shall have to take another Scotch-and-soda.

Well, of course, that's set the whole town talking.

I called Brad on the 'phone, and said I knew where you were and that you were all right; also that you would turn up in a few days, and for him to stop this infernal newspaper talk. Thank goodness, to-night's papers are greatly subdued—a mere paragraph saying that your whereabouts were no secret and that you had gone out of town with some friends, etc.

So for the present you are safe, but the deuce take it, what about next week?

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Clark's Island. Here the Shallop Landed

Old Church at Austerfield
England

Birthplace of Bradford

Interior Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth

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The Governor has gone out to Mexico about some mines he has down there and has just wired me to join him at once. I leave on the Limited to-morrow at ten. Wire me what to do.

Wilberforce, as I wired you this morning, is going down New England way, and of course, *should* he meet you, would give the whole affair away.

I would have told him your story, but bless me, my boy, he would never believe it. You know your father got him his appointment, and he'd simply die if he thought he could render you any service, and that's what he'd think he was doing, if he caught you Personally Conducting anything but your sacred self.

Chuck it, Jack. The girl's all right, no doubt, but there's bushels of 'em up here at Lenox and all dying for a title. Yours sincerely,

VAN.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to Mr. J. Winthrop.*]

HOTEL SOMERSET, BOSTON.

Venerable and Respected Sire:

I believe I have actually acquired a certain amount of hauteur in this dear old town that is absolutely foreign to the atmosphere of Pittsburgh.

This is an intellect town, as I heard a New York man say. The streets are so delightfully crooked that it is not unusual for a stranger going down one street to meet himself coming up another.

I hadn't left the Parker House over three minutes this morning when I felt myself helplessly lost. I wandered around aimlessly for almost an hour before I

ventured to ask a policeman where my destination lay. That's real Bostonese. In Richmond I'd have said "where the hotel was."

"The Parker House? Oh, yes! Certainly; that's it across the street."

The 179th edition of the *Farmers Almanac* is now for sale on the streets and in the bookshops. For one hundred and seventy-nine years New England has been loyal in her support of this peerless publication. By it the farmer sows his seed and reaps his crop. It tells him months in advance whether it will rain on the day he means to cut his hay, and he plans accordingly.

The housewife is informed as to the best manner in which to prepare Codfish Cakes, Pork and Beans—and has been faithfully so informed every year since 1727. Let us hope that the dear old soul will get it through her head before the millenium.

The signs of the zodiac, in all their pristine grandeur, are emblazoned on every page. The art of the wood engraver—who apparently works with a meat ax in New England—will never perish from the earth while the *Farmers Almanac* exists. But Timothy Cole, Frank Fowler and Frank French had best look to their laurels.

The phases of the moon, the surgings of the tide, the proper size for a roasting ear, are all faithfully recorded in this delectable volume. The last line is particularly touching. It informs a waiting world that "a little flour mixed with water poured over a burn will relieve the pain."

Dear old Almanac! With all thy faults we hope you're still in swaddling clothes and have a long and virtuous career ahead.

There are some other quaint things I have seen, Pop,

over here in the book line. I think you asked me to get you a copy of the old Bay State Psalm Book and the New England Primer. I tried, but they seem to be appreciated by somebody else as well as you. The last "Bid" as you would say, for a Primer, was something like five thousand dollars, with none offered, and the Psalm Book is even higher.

One of the men in your supply department said he could duplicate either of them for about seven dollars a thousand and give me a much better looking job in the bargain—"it wouldn't have that bum old-fashioned type, and the dirty, yellow, motheaten paper, either."

Tempted as I was to order a few thousand, I heroically declined. Price is not always *everything*.

We have been doing the town in "electrics"—trolleys, they call them elsewhere. The service is very good. We went to Bunker Hill, Dorchester, crossed over to East Boston in the new tunnel and had a good time generally.

Not many years ago the Boston man who went as far from home as Roxbury, would remark he had been "out west." Now, you can't say that truthfully unless you go as far as Worcester.

Write me soon again, Honey. I miss you more and more every day, though you don't deserve to be told anything half so nice.

HELEN.

P. S.—I notice I said Book *shops*. That's what Goggles calls them.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON, August 22d.

Dearest Daddy:

In your last letter you asked me why I didn't describe Boston a little more seriously.

Candidly speaking, Dad, I suppose the reason is that it is one of those beautiful and noble cities that one could not describe any more than he could describe a Corot or some marvelous sunset that he had seen.

Still, if you have the patience to read, I should like to tell you a little about the interesting places and things which I saw in the "Hub of the Universe," as Dr. Holmes called it.

It has another name that I like better—"The City of Beautiful Ideals."

It was planted in prayer, nurtured in faith, and from it have sprung the thoughts and ideals that have nourished the life of the whole nation. So I think the twentieth century pilgrim must enter Boston in a mood hushed and reverent, as he would enter a temple, and perhaps, if he listens, the divine message will come to him as it came to those older pilgrims; a message of a truer, simpler life than he has ever known. I have read somewhere that on his arrival the visitor to Boston invariably climbs first to the cupola of the State House, and from it gazes out on the beautiful waters of Boston Harbor; but we did not do this. I remember standing before Park Street Church (though I can not remember how we got there) looking up at the edifice and thinking it was in this church that Dr. Edward Everett Hale, as a boy, heard for the first time the singing of "America." Miss Nickerson said that on the site of this church there

once stood a huge building called "The Granary." It held 12,000 bushels of grain, and it was kept full by the town to be sold to the poor at cost, in case of famine. The Old Granary Burying Ground, which lies between the Tremont building and Park Street Church, must get its name from this town granary. Here can be seen the granite obelisk which the citizens of Boston erected in 1827, over the grave of the parents of Benjamin Franklin; and here lie also the bodies of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Peter Faneuil and Paul Revere.

From the corner of Tremont and Park streets one can see the historic old Common curving in all its beauty to the foot of the hill, and if he raises his head he will catch his first glimpse of the State House on Beacon Hill.

The State House is the most conspicuous building in the whole city. Its cornerstone was laid by Samuel Adams, assisted by Paul Revere, in 1795, and three years later it was dedicated and occupied for the first time. But, grand as it is, it can not occupy the place in the hearts of the Bostonians which is held by that little brick structure which stands at the head of State street, Boston's Old State House.

Here the royal governor and his councillors held their meetings before the Revolution, and from its small balcony were read the royal decrees. Washington reviewed his troops from its windows, and the State Constitution was conceived under its roof.

It must have been a sad day when the members of the state government said farewell to this ancient Capitol and marched in formal procession to the new building on Beacon Hill.

It is interesting to know that the land on which the

new State House stands was originally a cow pasture belonging to John Hancock, and was purchased from him for $4,000.

Even dearer than the Old State House to the heart of the Bostonian is Faneuil Hall.

In 1742 Peter Faneuil presented it to the town of Boston to be used for a town hall and market. There in the lowering days preceding the Revolution, the citizens of Boston rocked the infant Liberty until it grew large enough to sit up and shake its fist at King George.

When the British occupied Boston in 1775-76, the officers used it as a theater. Today it is the home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization on this continent.

Two objects of the greatest interest to me were the clock in the cupola which was presented by the school children, and the queer grasshopper weather-vane made in imitation of one on the Royal Exchange of London.

Not far from Faneuil Hall stands one of Boston's most famous churches, the Old South.

Here the unhappy Judge Sewall confessed his error regarding witchcraft, and here was the starting point of the gallant Boston Tea Party. In this church the infant Benjamin Franklin was baptized on January 6, 1706. At that time the Franklins lived in a small modern house on Milk street opposite to the Old South Church.

The church is used now as a museum, and we spent an entire morning looking at the Colonial and Revolutionary relics which it contained. Two places in Boston filled me with enthusiasm; Copps Hill and the Old North Church. They are neighbors, as is fitting.

Once the hill was the site of a windmill; now it is a

burial place, and in it rest the bodies of the Mather family and many others.

Quite near it stands the historic Old North Church. It is the oldest church in Boston, having been built in 1723.

One could spend a day inside looking at the ancient organ, the clock, the belfry from which hung the lanterns of Paul Revere fame, and the wonderful chime of bells, the first set cast in America.

Another old church, full of historic associations, is King's Chapel, the first Episcopal church in Boston. It was erected in 1689, a small wooden building, which was later replaced by the present structure. It was furnished by three English kings. Its organ, given by Thomas Brattle, was the first large one erected in New England. Here the "loyalist" gentry attended divine service.

The governor had a special pew which was lined with china tiles and its windows draped in crimson damask.

In the burial ground which is attached to the chapel lie the bodies of John Winthrop, the Rev. John Cotton, Governor Shirley and Lady Andros.

The literary charm of Boston seems concentrated in the vicinity of Beacon Hill.

In this neighborhood lived Gilbert Stuart, Josiah Quincy, Channing, Richard H. Dana, Prescott, Motley, and a host of others. Here James T. Fields drew his quaint, sweet pictures of human life, and from his room overlooking the Charles, his Autocrat neighbor wrote his brilliant sketches. Near the Charles, Longfellow wooed and won Miss Appleton, and Hawthorne was wont to sit at sunset, "watching the vessels dropping down the stream."

How delightful it is to think that only a few doors from here James Russell Lowell gave his charming dinners, and the Jacobins' Club held its meetings!

The charm of that life to me was its simplicity. Think of Mrs. Hawthorne walking across the Common with a broom in her hand which she had bought, and Mr. Whipple in the garden picking currants for supper!

Everybody knew everybody, and in those days there was time for friendship. I like to imagine the crowd which gathered in the "Corner Book Store" to discuss the politics of the day or Emerson's last lecture. Probably Mr. Emerson himself, leaning against the book shelves, would give one of his orations which Lowell says "began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet, as always with that divine man, left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. * * * He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his."

Mr. Goggles and I are reading Dr. Edward Everett Hale's book called "Lowell and His Friends," and it gives the most fascinating description of old Boston. He has such an enchanting manner of describing the home life of that period, its charm and gayety and informality, that it seems as if one could never leave off reading it.

We went to see the homes of Wendell Phillips Howells, Edwin Booth, and many others, and one afternoon we took a car out to Cambridge and visited Longfellow's old house on Brattle street. Many of his best poems were written in this house. It is known as the "Craigie House," and is full of historic interest, having

The Scrooby Church
at Scrooby Manor, England

Present Edifice "The First Church in America"
Founded by the Pilgrims

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been occupied for eight months by Washington, who used it as his headquarters. Sixty years later it was given to Longfellow by his father-in-law as a wedding present, and here he brought his bride and lived until his death. Mrs. Longfellow was a woman of great culture, and the old "Craigie House" was one of the most charming of literary homes.

The portion of Boston's territory known as the Back Bay is well worth visiting. A pleasant way of reaching it is to follow the famous "Long Path" which runs from Joy street to Boylston, and taking the latter thoroughfare pass by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Brunswick Hotel, and some of the most beautiful shops in the city, and arrive finally at Copley Square.

On this magnificent square are the Museum of Fine Arts, Trinity Church, the New Old South, and the Public Library, all splendid buildings that appeal tremendously to the eye and to the imagination.

The Public Library is a stately and noble edifice, beautiful without and within.

The mural art is the work of John S. Sargent, Edwin A. Abbey, Puvis de Chavannes, and John Elliott, and is dignified and beautiful.

One could stand for hours in Bates Hall, where every table is filled with eager readers, or spend an afternoon in the fine arts department.

The atmosphere of the place is helpful and sympathetic and filled with life and energy.

On the southerly side of Copley Square stands the Museum of Fine Arts, another center which has a wonderful influence over the entire community.

The Museum was erected in 1876, and during this

quarter of a century a most wonderful collection of sculptural casts and paintings has been secured.

Here one sees paintings by Millet, Corot, William Hunt, George Fuller, John S. Sargent and others.

One longs for leisure when one visits such a place. I did manage to escape from the others and potter about for an hour in the "Allston room," where many of Allston's most beautiful works are exposed.

One of the custodians told us there was an art school conducted on the third floor, the one above the pictures, and I saw several girls, evidently students, in long-sleeved blue aprons, strolling in the galleries. How ideal it must be to study art in such a place!

Only a step from the Museum is Trinity Church, whose beautiful interior seems still thrilling with the wonderful voice of Phillips Brooks.

I suppose architecturally it is the most beautiful church in New England. It is wonderfully decorated by John La Farge, but one is most impressed by the spirit of the place, the spirit of tender hospitality; it seems to throw out divine arms of charity and love to all mankind, as did that great spirit who ministered within its walls.

To stand in front of Trinity Church on a fair, summer afternoon is to rejoice.

Looking across a grassy triangle one sees the beautiful buildings I have so poorly described, and one which I shall not attempt to describe because I can not, the New Old South Church. Warm and serene its tower rises against the glorious blue of the sky, and the sight is a thing one can never forget. It seems to lift one out of the dusty earth into the Heaven towards which it points.

Behind the library lies the Back Bay Fens with its

quaint poplar trees and low picturesque bridges, and not far distant is the river and Harvard bridge. It is pleasant to stand on this bridge at sunset and look at the spires and roofs of the college town and then down at the placid Charles.

How Dr. Holmes loved this river, and what comfort and inspiration he must have derived from its peaceful waters!

AUGUST 23rd.

Yesterday was a long, rainy day, which I spent almost wholly in writing to you. Today as I read over the pages, I find I have left out several places which are sure to be of interest to my dear old Dad. These are the Chamber of Commerce, the Old County Court House, and Bunker Hill Monument (my dear, think of my forgetting that!)

Mr. Goggles says that the Chamber of Commerce is one of the most beautiful buildings he has ever seen. It is made of a lovely pink granite, and has a granite crown on its head, which I suppose gives it the dignified name of "King of Boston Buildings."

I believe that the Chamber formerly occupied rooms in Quincy Market, but they were very anxious to have a suitable building, and how glad they must have been when Henry M. Whitney donated the land on which this beautiful building is placed!

Far different in character, but to me more interesting, is grim Old Court House which frowns out at me from behind the City Hall.

You will remember some of the historic trials which took place within its walls, and here it stands today scowling down on the hustling, bustling people of the twentieth century.

We are only going to spend a few hours at present in Boston. Our guide has mapped out quite an original plan for us which I am sure will be very interesting.

From here we take a train on the Old Colony Road to Provincetown—the end of Cape Cod.

This little town rejoices in the honor of having first received the Mayflower and its immortal passengers. There is a society formed for the purpose of collecting funds for the erection of a monument commemorating this event, but they seem to be very slow about it, Perhaps the rest of us don't know about the project or it would grow faster. It is certainly a meritorious object.

However, that is the idea. To follow in the footsteps of the Puritan and Pilgrim in New England, and I like it tremendously.

By the way, I wish you could find a place for this guide of ours when the season's over. He seems quite an intelligent young man and has evidently had a decent bringing up. He speaks French and German very nicely, I believe, and but for one fault would be almost ideal. He affects at times a manner that does not comport with his real station in life.

For instance, he sometimes forgets such little details as getting us newspapers, time cards, etc. Once when I spoke about this he said his man always attended to these things, and then checked himself as if he had made a slip, and blushed violently.

Also he seems to have a perfect mania for canes. He carries one with him constantly. He has also a rather odd way of wearing a certain large ring on his finger, The seal side is always worn inside the hand. It is a very unusual style of ring, for I saw it once when he

wasn't looking. It is very elaborately engraved and looks like one of the kind you hand down from father to son from the third to the fourth generation. I should like to have seen it closer, but just then he turned the seal back to the inside and I lost the chance.

Nevertheless, I cannot say too much in praise of his uniform courtesy to me at all times and under all circumstances. He is a veritable storehouse of information regarding New England history and has no end of anecdotes and stories concerning the people and their early lives. I suppose though, that is his business, and if so he certainly is up to his line.

It was his idea to follow the exact footsteps of the Pilgrims. For that reason we shall skip Boston for the present. We shall take a sail boat at Provincetown and explore the shores just as the Pilgrims did before they finally landed at Plymouth.

I never knew that they landed anywhere else than at Plymouth, but Mr. Goggles, that's his name, seems to have everything at his finger's ends, yet calmly admits that he never studied Colonial history in his life.

Well, he is certainly a most interesting young man, and I do hope you can find something for him to do by the time the season's ended. Otherwise he may go to California or the South of Europe, and that is a disagreeable thought, I am sorry to say.

We leave this morning for the Cape.

Yours,

HELEN.

[*Telegram from Drysdale to Van.*]

BOSTON, MASS.

Schuyler Van Rensselaer:

Don't leave New York till you get my letter if you can possibly help it. Can't cable Bradford or write Wilberforce. Particulars by mail.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Schuyler.*]

Dear Van:

Your letter about that infernal newspaper business came to hand.

Isn't it disgusting? Why can't a fellow disappear for a few days without everybody getting curious about it?

I'm glad you wrote as you did, for a branch of that same newspaper printed here copied the silly stuff the next day with the addition of my picture (?)

Oh, you should have seen it, Van! You know I'm not conceited, but surely I look better than a policeman who endorses Be-tu-na for Catarrh, Blackheads, Suicide and Broken Necks.

Yes, that's what they did. I found it out afterwards. They had a "hole" to fill in that particular issue and cut the portrait out of an old patent medicine advertisement.

I'm glad I got your note first or this would certainly have got on my nerves.

But, never mind. The thing has quieted down now—thanks to your coolness—but what if it should break out again and you in the wilds of Mexico?

Think of that, Van! You wouldn't leave me in the

lurch like that, old fellow, would you? Just imagine what is liable to happen. Cable from father to the British Ambassador, who owes his berth to the Governor. —asking him to start an immediate investigation.

Bradford comes out on the next steamer. My trunks are broken open and searched for a clew. And, horrors, my real photograph—with a special double column cut showing my monogram—will adorn that awful paper again.

Van, the thing is not to be thought of. You don't have to go near that beastly mine. Sell it to me. I don't know what it's worth and don't care. Only don't go near it. What is it you say over here? Aw—forget it!

That's it, Van. Forget it. Don't even think that it ever existed. Wire me, cable me or send a special train saying you have accepted my terms.

Anything to relieve the anxiety of

Your distracted

DRYSDALE.

P. S.—She grows more lovable every minute. Van. she's worth all the mines in Montezuma and Johannesburg thrown together.

Her father it seems is a Southerner by birth—descendant of old John Winthrop, I believe. Same name, so I suppose it must be.

He's one of those great Captains of Industry you hear about—had something to do with the Tobacco crowd, or something like that.

Anyhow, she isn't the poor and lovely maiden—in a worldly sense—I took her to be. I'm sorry for that, as I have more than enough for both.

She's here purely on an errand of love. Love for her

country. Here is where it began, she says, and here it had its most romantic period.

She is singularly interesting when she talks of the early days in the Colonies. My, but wouldn't she just revel in that bundle of old papers we have in the strong box at home! Why, I don't believe there was a noted character in these parts, from the landing of the "Mayflower" down to the evacuation of the British from Boston, who isn't mentioned somewhere among them.

Oh, Van, she's lovely!

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

HOTEL TOURAINE, BOSTON.

To the Honorable the Great Captain of Industry:

Dear Sir: Not a line from you for a week. What's that? The office wrote me by every steamer? Well, what if it did? Do you suppose I like to get a letter from you signed with a rubber stamp, although you are at particular pains to inform me that it is "*dictated by J. W.*?"

Now, that's where you differ so greatly from Goggles. He couldn't think of doing such a thing—I just know he wouldn't. Funny, isn't it, how some men understand women and others don't?

We are meeting with all kinds of surprises in this land of thrift and economy. Last night, while waiting for a Cambridge Electric, we dropped into a drug store for a hot soda. While waiting to be served in walked a customer who sought to save the $2.00 charged for a doctor's visit by having the drug clerk prescribe for him.

People who go to apothecaries to have their diseases

Home of John Alden and Priscilla

Home of Miles Standish

Monument at Duxbury to Captain Standish

Pilgrim Spinning Wheel

Forefathers' Monument Plymouth

The Old Burying-Ground at Plymouth

Cradle of Peregrine White
The First White Child
Born in New
England

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prescribed for, occasionally get very strange diagnoses. This patient remarked, "I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the apothecary asked.

"Every little while something seems to rise up, and then settles back again, and by and by it rises up again."

The apothecary put his chin in the palm of his hand, and meditated a while.

"Look here!" he said, gravely. "You haven't gone and swallowed an elevator, have you?"

The introduction of electric street-cars into this staid old town gave rise to much discussion as to the danger attending such swift methods of locomotion, and some amusing things have been said by timid passengers.

One day the driver of one of the cars carelessly allowed his car to bump against the cars in front of him with sufficient force to give the passengers quite a shaking up. Before another start could be made an old lady jumped to her feet and hurriedly left the car.

As soon as she found herself safe on the ground she turned to the conductor, and, quivering with fright and indignation, said:

"That's the last time I ever will get in one of them 'lectric cars, and I don't care if you tell the company so!"

Had he been a New York conductor he would have simply floored the dear old lady with profanity and abuse. Being a Boston production he politely touched his cap and said respectfully, "Yes, ma'am."

Funny what a difference there is between the two breeds.

We spent the evening at Longfellow's Home and saw his study pretty much as he left it. James Russell

Lowell, Thos. Wentworth Higginson, and a number of other notables, were neighbors of his. Cambridge is rather interesting on the whole. The elm under which Washington took command of the Continental Army is still standing, and has to be protected by an iron fence or relic hunters would carve it up piece-meal.

The beautiful grounds of Harvard College, the splendid structures of its numerous buildings, are, of course, the chief objects of interest. The town is not, to my mind, quite so picturesque and impressive as Oxford, but nevertheless it has the atmosphere of a literary place and we felt well repaid for our visit.

I am going for a short run tomorrow somewhere in the "back districts." We shan't stop long anywhere—just make a passing visit to a number of small towns.

Till I write again.

HELEN.

Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.

My dear old Popsadoodles:

Here we are at Provincetown—the landing place of the Pilgrims. Just think of it!

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

Aye, call it holy ground,
The sod where first they trod;
They have left unstained what here they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Mr. Goggles—that's the name of our guide, Schuyler Goggles—has proved a veritable mine of information concerning this absorbingly interesting trip. He pointed out to us the spot in the harbor where the gallant little "Mayflower" probably anchored, and told us of the stormy passage she encountered, whereby she was driven many hundreds of miles out of her course and was finally obliged to make a landing on Cape Cod instead of Delaware River, as at first intended.

Danger and disaster were their constant companions all the weary voyage. Two vessels started out to make the perilous voyage—the "Speedwell" and the "Mayflower." The "Speedwell" proved unseaworthy and was obliged to return. The "Mayflower" would have foundered in mid-ocean but for a huge iron screw which one of the passengers brought from Delft and which served to hold together a beam amidships which had given way and threatened to sink the little vessel at any moment. Doesn't it seem as if nothing but the Providence of God enabled these poor people to accomplish the voyage in safety?

I want to write quite at length, dear Popsy, on this subject while I am here on the ground and under the influence of the stirring events which I record. You may find this letter prosy on that account, but save it for me anyway, as some day I may write a book, and it will make splendid reference.

When the "Mayflower" finally came to anchor, they had no means of getting ashore except by wading. The water here in the bay is very shallow for quite a distance from the shore. Bradford's History says: "a bow shoot"—or as far as an archer could send his arrow. Many caught cold from this exposure, and all suffered

severely. This experience undoubtedly laid the foundation for the terrible sickness that was soon to come upon them at Plymouth.

Before landing they signed a sort of an agreement among themselves, setting forth the rules under which they would govern their community. This Compact, as it is called, was signed in the little cabin of the ship by such men as Elder Brewster, Wm. Bradford, Myles Standish, John Alden, Edward Winslow, William Carver and others whose names are now immortal.

I don't believe the American people recognize the importance of this Compact, or how much it did ultimately in the struggle for freedom. Its language is very much like the preamble to our Constitution, and as a forerunner of the Declaration of Independence its resemblance is prophetic. I bought a copy at one of the small souvenir stores, where I also became a member of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, which proposes at some future day to erect a monument at Provincetown to commemorate the Landing. Mr. J. Henry Sears, of Boston, is President of this organization, and you ought to send him a subscription.

Isn't it strange that Massachusetts, which is so deeply interested in its Colonial History, makes no effort to celebrate "Compact Day?" It occurs November 21st, almost the same week as Thanksgiving, and I think ought either to be combined with that occasion or have a little attention paid to it on its own account. Lincoln said the signing of the Compact did more for the cause of humanity "than that day at Runnymede."

The Cape Cod Society, by dint of hard scratching, has raised about ten thousand dollars; the State agrees to give twenty-five thousand dollars additional when the

society raises a like amount. It certainly ought not to be difficult to accomplish so worthy an undertaking, if its purpose were only more widely known. Speak to some of your old New England lads in the West about this for me, Daddy, and I will give my candy money for a month.

Well, the Pilgrims had to spend almost five weeks seeking a suitable landing place. The neighborhood around Provincetown and Truro was thoroughly explored, but with no result. Finally the fourth attempt landed them on Clark's Island opposite Plymouth.

Great events sometimes hang on slender threads. A fearful gale overtook the shallop on this voyage and threatened its destruction; the pilot knew nothing of the coast, and they were on the point of beaching the boat in a cove full of breakers when one of the sailors bid them "about with her if they were men, or else they would all be lost." So that the fortunes of the Great Republic hung at this critical moment on the brawny arms and cool-headedness of a nameless mariner.

Think of that, dear Popsy, you who sometimes say the country will be lost unless some particular party is put in power, or the gold standard is maintained, or the tariff kept up, etc.

Not until friendly daylight came did they know they were on an island. And with the sun came renewed courage. Being Saturday, they dried their buff coats, cleaned their arms of rust, and, as Bradford says, "repaired to keep ye Sabboath."

History does not tell us how the adventurous eighteen passed their first Lord's Day on Clark's Island. One writer says, very simply, "Wee rested"; and his language reappears on a tablet of imperishable rock at the highest

point of the island, which Mr. Stanwood took us to see. It reads:

On The
Sabboath Day
Wee
Rested
20 December
1620

Having selected their final landing place the explorers returned to the "Mayflower" to conduct the rest of the party thither.

During their absence a great sorrow had come to Governor Bradford. His beautiful young wife, Dorothy, had fallen from the deck and was drowned. Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England, opened his eyes under the clear blue skies of Provincetown Harbor. Thus Life and Death were already at work among the Pilgrims.

Wasn't it a singular coincidence that Captain John Smith, who had visited this part of New England some years before, had given the exact spot where the Pilgrims landed the name of Plymouth?

The Pilgrims, unaware of this fact, gave it the name Plymouth in honor of the last English port from which they sailed.

Popsy, dear, I can hardly write you the story of their terrible sufferings during the first winter. It makes me cry to think of it. A terrible plague, like sickness, came upon them. Nearly half their number died. They were threatened with massacre by the Indians; yet at a time when only seven men were capable of bearing arms, Captain Standish defied Canonicus to do

his worst, just as if he had the whole of our regular army at his back.

Bradford tells how the passengers of the good ship "Ann," which came over two years later, were affected by what they saw when they first set foot in Plymouth. They were met by a band of haggard men and women meanly appareled and in some cases little better than half naked. The best dish they could set before their friends was a lobster or a piece of fish with corn bread and no other drink than a cup of water. Some of the newly arrived fell weeping; while even the joy of meeting friends from whom they had long been separated could not dispel the sadness felt at beholding their miserable condition. Sickness had come to all and death to many.

Nevertheless town meetings had been held, civil government organized and Thanksgiving Day appointed by Governor Bradford. The history of our country had begun.

I have quoted a good deal from Governor Bradford's History, and I must tell you something about this remarkable document.

No one in our country knew that such a work existed, By accident it was discovered some few years ago in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. How it came there or why it should have lain there unrecognized for nearly three centuries no one can explain.

And here again the English performed one of those delightful acts of courtesy upon which I have already commented. Although they have a deep and abiding interest in a settlement that in those days belonged to the Crown, they recognized the strong desire our country had to possess this document. So through our Minister

at the Court of St. James the precious volume was returned to the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, and now reposes in the State House in Boston.

To-morrow we shall follow further in the footsteps of your ancestors. We sailed over from Provincetown this morning in a modern shallop and landed where the Pilgrims did in Plymouth late this afternoon.

I am tired to-night, dear Popsy, so will go to bed early. Mr Goggles proves a most interesting entertainer.

Your loving daughter,

HELEN.

The Old Benning Wentworth Mansion at Portsmouth, N. H., where the famous "Stamp Act," which provoked the Revolution, was signed

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SAGAMORE BEACH HOTEL, CAPE COD,
Sagamore Beach, Mass.

Dear Popsy:

Thanks many times for the comforting wire received from you this morning. In the language of that universal favorite in this part of the country—the old Farmers' Almanac—the moon is in the Perihelion when I hear from you, and the weather is rainy, hot, cold, dry with rain or sudden snowy, sultry weather. Also, Cæser died B. C. 41144.

Knowing that in your heart of hearts you cherish a secret liking for that lively compendium of agricultural wit, humor and wisdom, I am going to quote you some of the helpful hints from one I noticed hanging by a red string in the kitchen of a farm house where we stopped for lunch yesterday:

> "Bee-raising is a good side line for the farmer, especially since the swell restaurants have made a specialty of fried bees' knees. Such a *beesness*!
>
> Being a farmer's wife is an acquired taste, like olives.
>
> At first a woman hates farm work, gradually she gets used to it, and just as she commences to really eat it up, she usually dies.
>
> To get rid of grasshoppers, rub their hind legs thoroughly with machine oil. This will make them so supple and lively that they will jump themselves to death.
>
> To get rid of katydids the best plan is to stay up all night and contradict every statement they make. By morning they will be so annoyed and pettish that they will cease to speak. The next evening, however, they will be at it good and strong again.
>
> Guinea hens should have axle grease rubbed

on their vocal chords three times a day. If this does not improve the liquid quality of their tones, tie their necks into a true lover's knot and let it go at that.

Holes. Large demands are heard from all parts of the country for holes and where to get them. Let the farmer be guided by our experience in the selection of holes. Post holes may be had at wholesale quite as cheaply as at retail, and early orders insure prompt receipt of the holes. Or, if the redolent farmhand is handy with the pile driver, let him take about four feet of the morning atmosphere (be sure there are no mockingbirds in it) and placing it on end, drive it perpendicularly down where the post is desired.

Decency in farming. It is time to call a halt on the indecent habit, alas too common among the middle and northern east, of exposing to passers-by the naked trees with their naked branches. After the trustful tree has yielded its all to your harvest, why leave it naked to shame the beholders?

Common gratitude would suggest providing some attire that would relieve their embarassment, and we commend this thought to all who have the first spark of humanity in them.

Tools. The care of garden tools is a matter which every good earth-worker appreciates. When, in the early spring, the hands are at leisure, and their feet are still, then the prudent and foresighted yap shoos his trusty helpers toward the cold and uninviting toolhouse, and there amidst the reek of fertilizers and the stench of decayed greenbacks from last year's profits piled with the rest of the farm refuse, in the quiet of the long spring days, he readjusts the delicate mechanism of the garden tools.

Many costly methods are employed by the farmers of this country to keep squabs from getting pigeon-toed, but we have never found a better method than early instructing the young bird in the beauty and grace of the regular military carriage. Go to the barnyard each morning, and, if possible, have one or more musical instruments to give the martial flavor. Forming the squabs in single file, march them, toes out, up and down the yard. Very satisfactory results may be expected in the course of three to six months.

In raising turkeys, as every one knows, it is essential that the backs of the young birds do not get wet, as this is fatal. If each one of the brood is supplied with an umbrella this can easily be avoided, or mackintoshes and rubbers will do.

A history of the Thaw trial will make an excellent fertilizer if the land is strong enough to deodorize it.

Dogs should not be allowed to chew holes in their pants.

A beautiful, restful effect can be obtained by painting the fence blue, the walls of the house purple, and the trimmings a bright vermilion.

In the dairy it is no longer considered sanitary to bite holes in swiss cheese with store teeth. Holes can be bitten in tripe, however, with any old kind of teeth as heretofore.

Just because you get milk from cows, do not expect a reddish horse to give horse-radish or a chestnut horse to give horse-chestnuts. There are limits to nature's wonders.

Never milk ducks when they are moulting.

Do not prune onion trees too often or they will be full of prunes.

When blackberries are green they are red.

Get out fencing stuff and haul it to the ground where it is to be used, thus saving time later. By putting up a good fence early in the season, we prevent the stock from acquiring bad habits of breaking out, which they are liable to do if you begin with an insufficient fence. Some farmers send their stock to night school in the winter in a vain attempt to remedy this evil tendency, but it rarely succeeds. Better depend upon the fence.

We have received so many letters from anxious correspondents that we feel compelled to answer once for all the question whether all that the ground bears should be turned into money by the gentleman farmer. Unquestionably, yes. Let the liberality of nature line your pockets deep with gold.

There is the yearly harvest of snow, for example, which is in many instances neglected. The ground having borne the snow it is time to gather. First mow the snow carefully. A scythe will do this perfectly well, care being used not to dent the earth. Next rake, spread, turn and let it bake in the sun. In the early evening the frugal husbandman will come o'er the lea with a ripe fragrant load of early spring snow, which, stacked around on the inside of the milk cans, will cause an abundant frost among the milk customers."

Mr. Goggles was vastly amused at this production, and begged for my copy so earnestly that I yielded to his entreaties. I cannot, therefore, send you one, but I know you will enjoy reading these extracts.

I shall be glad indeed when you find it possible to return.

Yours lovingly,
Helen.

Chapter II

[*Telegram from Van Rensselaer to Drysdale.*]

At Plymouth, Mass., Sagamore Hotel.

It isn't the mine I must go to see. It's the Governor. He's down with Chagres fever. Better come back at once or can't tell what will happen. Van.

(Note by Clerk at Sagamore Hotel.)

Delayed in transmission. Party addressed gone and no forwarding address given. Return to sender.

[*Letter from Van R. to Drysdale.*]

Returned ten days later, marked "Not Found."

Dear Drysdale:

It was awfully kind of you to offer to take that mine off my hands and I would accommodate you in a minute, especially as I now know that it won't yield enough ore in a thousand years to pay for the crusher we erected before we got through the salted portion of the deal.

But it's the Governor's illness that bothers me. He is down with some sort of a tropical fever, and mother is simply wild with anxiety. Jack is on his yacht somewhere off Labrador—he's never where he's wanted—and both the girls are abroad. It's simply up to me to go and that's all there is about it.

So you've got to come back and resign your lucrative

position. How you can manage to exist without your princely income from that source I cannot tell. I need a man myself and if you could give me a letter from your late employers stating that you were a sober, industrious, intelligent sort of a cuss—hang it, under those conditions I would agree to give you twenty-five per week even though I know in my heart of hearts you are not worth it.

But enough of this airy persiflage. I must go to Mexico *at once*. You must come to New York at once and resume your own name and give me back mine.

Otherwise there will be no end of complications. Don't you see, your trunks are here but you are not; your mail has been opened by some one who has an apparent interest in keeping your disappearance a secret.

That's me, you wretch. I'm liable to be collared in Mexico on the charge of murder—an extraditable offence—and torn from the side of my venerable parent, who will not be helped on to recovery by the shock.

On the other hand you are liable to the same delightful programme for impersonating *me*. If anything should happen to me in Mexico *you* would be blamed. Even if nothing happened it would be several weeks before they could reach me and receive the necessary proof that would liberate you.

Oh, confound that butterfly chase of yours! There's as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught, and I do wish you would come to your senses.

Heavens! I have just thought of it! Suppose this letter should never reach you! You gave me only general directions and I'm guessing at an address.

Well, the result be on your own head. And may the fates be kind to us both. Au revoir, VAN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Also returned and marked "Not Found."

PLYMOUTH.

Dear Van:

I forgot to give you a schedule of dates, and it just occurred to me that in view of recent developments it would be just as well to be in close touch with each other, so for the present you had better make it Hotel Vendome, Boston, where I shall be within a week. We shall do Plymouth today or tomorrow, though it is such a fascinating, quaint little town that I am in no hurry to leave it.

I've just been thinking what a nice fix we would both be in if you should suddenly leave town. You are likely to be arrested for impersonating me, and I for a similar crime in your case. This might not be bad if we were where we could be brought face to face quickly. But with a couple of thousand miles between us there is the unpleasant possibility of spending a couple of weeks in Old Bailey.

Pleasant prospect, isn't it? Well, so far as I'm concerned I wouldn't mind it, for my Personally Conducted Tour has been far more than satisfactory. To be in her society for an hour is worth a year in prison.

Dear Van, I can't tell you how much I am "gone." I thought it was bad enough in London, but it is intensified a hundred times over here. She is so gentle, so considerate, so——

Oh, hang it! How can you be expected to understand? You can't, so there's no use my trying to make you.

Well, I'm glad to get this letter off my hands, for there'll be lots of trouble if I don't. Au revoir,

Yours, DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

Dear Daddy:

We are beginning to appreciate the many interesting things that are constantly coming to light on this delightful trip. Our amiable guide, mentor and friend, Mr. Goggles, is not among the least of our novel acquisitions. Some of the tales he weaves make our old friend Baron Munchausen appear like a veritable mountain of truth and veracity.

He has been with Stanley in Darkest Africa, with Kennan in Siberia, and actually claims to have penetrated regions in Northern China as yet untrod by the foot of man. But with it all he is the most singularly benighted specimen regarding the mysteries of American slang that I have ever yet encountered.

It is positively laughable to note the look of puzzled blankness that spreads over his face when I use some of my High School vocabulary. He is too polite to rebuke me and too much of a philological enthusiast not to appreciate the peculiar picturesqueness of some of my expressions. It is genuinely enjoyable to hear his hearty laugh when some particularly atrocious specimen is dissected and explained for his edification.

We are going to let the day go by in idleness. The dear old town seems to invite one to repose. So peaceful and quiet is the whole atmosphere that one can not realize that it should ever have been the theatre of so much strenuousness and strife. Yet for the Simple Life which the Pilgrims would have lived from choice, the selection was indeed a happy one.

To-morrow I shall write you a decent letter.

With love and kisses, Your affect. daughter,

HELEN.

The home of Old Rebecca Nurse, hanged as a witch at Salem. Her awful fate put an end to this cruel delusion, 1692

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P. S.—We spent the evening at a Strawberry Festival given by the Ladies' Aid Society of one of the churches here. This mild form of dissipation was a new experience for our English champion, and he was as happy as a collector who had just secured a new specimen, and acted in precisely that spirit.

There were, of course, the usual Tableaux vivants in the basement with the temperature at a fearful eminence—with Faith, Hope and Charity in various stages of perspiration and awkwardness.

The inevitable "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," by the local elocutionist, was of course on the programme, and was received as usual, with a volley of plaudits and smothered maledictions.

And this leads me to echo a sentiment propounded by our guide. Why do well-meaning parents teach their otherwise inoffensive offspring to inflict such atrocities as "Curfew," "'Ostler Joe," and other Fourth Reader favorites upon the devoted heads of their defenseless friends? "Oh, no, I'll never smoke or chew, said little Robbie Read," etc., etc. There was one selection which I thought was genuinely funny. And it was given by a little red-headed freckle-faced lad, who, I am sure from the sparkle in his blue eye, thoroughly appreciated the humor of what he was saying. I asked him for a copy as a souvenir of the occasion, and also because I thought it would come in handy in another way.

Mr. Goggles sat there with a look of blank amazement at the laughter that greeted the young reciter. "Oh," he said, with a shade of irritation in his voice, "how beastly stupid of me not to know Sanskrit."

"Sanskrit!" I replied, laughing at his discomfiture—

"that isn't Sanskrit—that's United States of America up-to-date and including the present."

"O-w, yes!" he answered in that polite, deferential way he has. "O-w, yes—but I wish I wasn't so stupid. I only know eleven languages fluently, and here is a bit of America where I can't understand a blessed word!"

"Never mind. When the show's over I'll get the original and make you a free translation."

"Oh! thank you very much," and he looked things unutterable.

Do you know that young gentleman gets to be more and more of a mystery to me. There is a certain amount of dignity about him that seems perfectly natural in spite of his inferior social position. He takes all my persiflage with the utmost goodness and it is simply delicious to hear him say: "Oh, now Miss Winthrop, you're ragging me," when I make some rather free translation of some "Americanism" which is his decent way of characterizing our current slang.

Well, here are the verses that contributed so much to his mystification and to my enjoyment. The piece is called

THE TIGHTWAD'S DOWNFALL.

Oh, he surely was a tightwad; 'twas a case of pinch and save
Till he'd bunched a roll o' green ones, 'twould have gagged the Mammoth Cave;
He had skinned his trusting Papa, he had flim-flammed Mamma some,
He had not a friend remaining in the circle of his home.
He had gold-bricked Brother Broadcloth—fleeced him plenty unawares
Till the man who wore the Albert didn't name him in his prayers;

He had made him go bankrupt, spite of money in his sock,
And the neghbors never mentioned him without an awful knock.

Soon he'd got his ill-got ingots to proportions that were fierce—
Why, he owned bank notes in barrels, and gold bullion by the tierce;
He had silver dollars hidden in the cellar in a bin,
Yet the way he kept on savin' was the rankest sort o' sin
But there came his way one morning a sort o' sly an' shifty chap,
With a phony tale o' gold mines and a blue print profile map;
Sang his warble to the tightwad, done him up, and done him good;
Then he faded from the landscape—now the tightwad's sawing wood.

You can imagine what a time I had trying to render this into the English of Belgravia and Mayfair. I finally succeeded, however, and I never in my life saw a man whose laugh was so infectious and whose appreciation of the subtleties of our Yankee slang was so keen. It did us all good to hear his loud and hearty guffaws—and I haven't regretted the quarter apiece it cost us to see the Strawberry Festival of the Ladies' Aid.

I'm sleepy, dear Popsy, and must go to bed. This is a long P. S., I know, but I just couldn't sleep till I wrote you about Mr. Tightwad. Wasn't he just like Uncle Ebenezer?

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van Rensselaer.*]

My Dear Van:

I wrote you somewhat at length the other day because I wanted to enjoy my outing with nothing to disturb me. It would be deucedly awkward to have a sudden

hullabaloo raised about my absence, hence my somewhat lengthy epistle. I suppose you received it all right, for I have heard nothing to the contrary.

This trip is developing into the most romantic and delightful set of experiences imaginable. Miss Winthrop is deeply interested in everything she sees, and I too cannot help but feel an awakening when I walk the "holy ground."

The very old places are deeply interesting. The very, very new possess a charm also, but the in-betweens are something to pray over.

At some period or other in this country the architects and householders must have had a period of temporary insanity. Every once in a while you come upon a residence with all the possibilities imaginable, but utterly ruined in the design and arrangement. I have tried in vain to give a name to this peculiar period. It is not Colonial, Romanesque, Renaissance, nor French. It is a strange commingling of the worst features of all with none of the best. The Mansard roof with ginger-bread trimmings of the most ridiculous conception are the leading "motifs." The clever writer who described good architecture as "frozen music" has been paraphrased by another who calls mediocre architecture "frozen rag-time." Even the latter term but ill describes the feeling of cheerlessness, forbiddingness and utter loneliness exuded by these moments of an imbecile period.

Nothing could exceed the chill of the "best" room in one of these houses. It was rarely used except when "company" came, or for funerals. The odor of dead air and dampness was oppressive. When we glanced at the stern and solemn array of horsehair furniture, black

The Headquarters of Gen. Gage at Danvers, Mass.

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walnut bureaus, chairs and table, there was little to inspire a cheerful spirit.

Even the quaint and pretty custom of working "samplers" in Colonial days had here gone to seed. On the walls were monstrous worsted mottoes setting forth in glaring and outrageous colors some such lugubrious refrain as "Give us this day our Daily Bread." "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," etc. They were, however, a consistent accompaniment to the inevitable crayon portraits of the lord and lady of the house which glared at you from conspicuous corners of the room and startled the beholder with the ferocity of their expression. I have often wondered if a child could throw its arms in loving embrace around any person possessing such stern features.

The mantelpiece too, was a study in itself. It was usually decked out with the most amazing collection of daguerreotypes bound in brass that mortal eye has ever seen. One that I noticed particularly portrayed the young lady of the house at an important period in her career.

The skirt was like a balloon and she leaned ecstatically on the arm of a young man. Between them was a huge volume, bearing, in conspicuously large type, the title "Poems of Love." His broad, checked "Spring bottom" trousers, a very low-crowned derby and extremely shiny hair (plastered over his left eye in on one grand all-compelling curve) proclaimed him beyond doubt a Beau Brummel of the vintage of '69.

In an inspired moment these young persons had had this picture "touched up" in color. This was evidently done by a house painter, for nothing now remained of the color but a hectic flush on the cheeks of one and a

strand of shining gold on the waistcoat of the other. The latter evidently was sacred to the memory of his watch chain.

A number of other *objets d'art* adorned the mantel. A mortuary card framed in black, containing a weeping willow and an unnecessarily large lock of the dear departed's hair, stood in one corner; a large sea shell and some red beaded work flanked the other. Scattered promiscuously over the rest of the mantel space were tintypes of Uncle Josh, Cousin Hiram, Aunt Minerva, Maw and Paw. Some ancient steel plates from Godey's Ladies' Book, of a lachrymose order like "The Wounded Bird" and "The Favored Swain" completed the art part of the mantel *ensemble*.

The fire-place had originally been made for a Baltimore heater, but the march of improvement had caused the introduction of a furnace into the cellar. On mild, balmy days this furnace I learned, would send forth such a torrent of hot air as would melt even the heart of the man who designed the wonderful carpet which covered the floor but not the register.

On cold days, however, this same roaring, shrieking furnace became as a timid, shrinking violet. Nothing could induce it to make its presence felt. It practically as well as figuratively, gave you a frosty welcome.

The wall paper was something I can neither forget nor forgive. I remember looking at it furtively, hoping that it would at least stay where it was till I left, and I have a dim recollection of a great sense of relief when I made my escape and it was still there.

I have often wondered what specimens of the human family dwelt in these curio halls and fondly called it home. I often wonder if it was the sort of person who

was chronicled by the local papers as the "guest of her husband" when she paid him a visit during his temporary absence on affairs of state. That always seemed so funny that I cut out the item and quote it herewith:

> Mrs. G. A. Northcott, of Huntington, wife of the president of the Senate, is in the city, the guest of her husband, at the Kanawha.

Well, Van, whatever their faults or their shortcomings were, they were punished enough as it was. Far be it from me to wish them any further disaster. Hell hath no fury in my eyes like living in one of those "Mansards."

But the early period, Van, when all your ideas, your furniture, your gardens, were copied or brought direct from old England—my country, and yours at that time too—Ah! that is another delightful story.

I am afraid I am putting a strain on you with this long letter. I am a little bit disturbed about Miss Winthrop to-night. A new addition to our party in the shape of a Western arrival seems to have made quite a difference. He has monopolized her the whole of the day. I cannot say, either, that his attentions have been wholly disagreeable. I believe he is known to her father.

Well, old man, no use bothering you. Hope the mine will prove a profitable investment.

Yours sincerely,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

PLYMOUTH, MASS., July 31, 19—

You Dear Old Lovey:

I dropped you a wire the other day just to let you know I was still in the land of the living.

Somehow or other I got kind of lost in the past of this dear old town, and I hated to think of anything mundane, or do anything that would bring me back from Anno Domini 1620 to A. D. 1907. It has been a most enjoyable experience.

Of course we started at Plymouth Rock itself. This "Rock of all the Ages," as it is called, has been dignified with an imposing canopy, and is the first thing that all strangers ask for. Although an iron fence surrounds it, still it is opened at intervals, so that tourists may reverently press the celebrated stone with their own unhallowed feet. On the side of the wicket is carved that immortal date—1620.

Passing up the main street from the water front we traverse the first public highway ever laid out in America—Leyden Street—so named in honor of the town in Holland where the Pilgrims lived so long. As we near the principal street in the modern town we pass on the way what is left of Coles Hill, where many of the first settlers were buried. A tablet suitably inscribed marks their resting place. Then up past the identical spring which furnished the water for the community, and which, by reason of its proximity to the house of Elder Brewster, became known as "Elder Brewster's Spring," and so retains its title to this day.

At the head of this little street stands a handsome edi-

Birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne

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fice. This is the modern structure of the First Church in America founded by the Pilgrims.

This church is the oldest in our country, and has piously preserved its records in unbroken succession from the days of Pastor Robinson and Elder Brewster to the present.

I couldn't help thinking dear Popsy, of Gray's Elegy, as we stood there in the old burying ground just about dusk. Mr. Goggles, with that nice sense of the eternal fitness of things which he possesses, took us there just about that time, and, to my great surprise and pleasure, repeated softly those lines that were so singularly appropriate.

I could not resist stealing a glance at him as he stood by my side. His face, which is always interesting, was softened by the influence of the place, and he looked so big and handsome and withal, so much the man!

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

No spot in Plymouth was so interesting to me as Burial Hill. Here are the graves of Governor Bradford, Governor Carver, Elder Brewster and the "Nameless Nobleman." Across the bay, on Captain's Hill, in Duxbury, rises a marble shaft to mark the spot where lived the famous captain of Plymouth, Myles Standish. Where his grave is, no man knows. In the absence of definite proof, tradition is all important, and so far as it has been fairly determined, they tell me the sacred spot is at or

near that place in Harden Hill, in Duxbury, which is now marked by a group of huge boulders flanked on all four sides by cannon.

It is a matter of profound regret to most searchers after ancient landmarks, I find, that the Pilgrims took so little care of their graves. Yet a moment's consideration will reveal the reason.

Aside from the fact that the Pilgrims had neither the money to import headstones, nor the skill with which to carve them, there was still another and more potent reason for the seeming neglect. Their whole lives, their whole religion, as we know, was one unending protest against Rome—her creeds and her practices. The moment the soul left the body it was, in the minds of these austere religionists, an act of sacrilege to follow it to the grave with words of kindly remembrance, or with any manifestation of grief. Such were construed as being an encroachment on "the counsels of the Almighty." All sense of personal loss was sternly repressed, and the overcharged heart that cried out in its agony was rebuked as rebelling against the chastisement of a just and offended God. Every form of funeral service, domestic or congregational, was rigorously omitted as tending toward superstition and popery.

Volleys of musketry, however, were fired over the graves of Standish, Carver, Bradford, and one or two others, but even this purely military function was unaccompanied by even the prayer of a chaplain.

In view of this custom, it was, perhaps, not altogether from fear of the Indians that the resting places of those who died that first winter were levelled to the ground and planted with corn. Perhaps their own hearts were sorely tempted to cherish and adorn those lonely

graves where so much of love and hope lay buried. But any yielding to such carnal feelings was in the nature of backsliding, which could not be thought of in a community where so much had been sacrificed to secure freedom from just such conditions.

A few of the older settlers, thinking of those who had suffered and endured with them, and who had gone before, begged to be buried beside their departed friends—revealing in this request their loving and unbigoted hearts.

Even Standish, the warrior, the stern man, yielded to the touch that makes the whole world kin, and though he did not express himself while alive, yet left a written request that he might be buried as close as possible to his "dear little children."

Poor Puritan father! Poor Puritan mother! How much of solace and comfort they denied themselves in thus penning up the natural feelings of the heart!

I have dwelt with more than usual detail on this particular subject. But I feel dear Popsy that you would enjoy reading all about it as you have often expressed a wish to come here. Seeing that you are only worth a dozen millions, I realize that you will never be able to afford the luxury, so I send you a pen picture instead.

I notice I have unconsciously repeated some of the exact language of Goggles. He seems to be regarded as an authority on this subject—at least one would imagine so, to hear others ask him all manner of questions and seem satisfied with his replies.

Well, old sweetheart, I wish all you Puritan people would visit your own sacred fires before leaving them for good. Even those who remain behind seem equally indifferent. I have met more people in Boston

who have never been to Plymouth than I have in Richmond.

Is that a nice thing to say to my dear old Puritan daddy who lets me do everything I want?

Well, dear heart, good night.

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

This has been rather a trying day on the whole. We were joined, as I wrote you in my last, by some friends of Miss Winthrop who were motoring in this part of the country and it was not long before they fastened themselves upon us.

The leader of the party is a Mr. Chubb—Josiah Chubb—and his father is, I understand, a coal baron, whatever that is. I can quite believe that his father remarked on a certain occasion that he thought his company had been divinely appointed to dig the bituminous wealth out of the ground, while the rest of us were merely created for drawers of water and hewers of wood.

The son addressed me as "fellow," and made some ill-natured allusions to my humble station as "a baker for a bunch of cookies." I said nothing in reply, but looked at Miss Winthrop out of the corner of my eye. "Well," she drawled slowly, "perhaps it's better to be a baker than a coal heaver; who knows?"

Just then a man with a sack of coal on his back passed us, while a brightly painted wagon stopped in front of our place with the word "BAKERY" adorning its every side.

I tried to conceal a smile that threatened to destroy

my gravity, and was soon lost in studying his Maxwell.

Chubb insisted on being with us every day. We spent quite a while in Pilgrim Hall, where they have a very splendid collection of Colonial things—Elder Brewster's chair, sword of Myles Standish, John Alden's Bible, cradle of Peregrine White, first child born here, etc., etc.

I was particularly interested in a letter given by our great Lord Nelson to a Yankee sailor who safely piloted him through the Bay to Boston. Nelson had taken him and his ship a prisoner on the high seas, but offered him his liberty if he would conduct in safety, the ships of the fleet to a safe anchorage in Boston Bay.

The letter recites this deed, and gives praise to a brave man who, though he might have wrecked the ships, stood by his word to bring them to safety. Nelson's letter was to other British commanders ordering them to "at once release the bearer of this, Capt. Carver," in case he should again be the victim of British privateersmen, and states how their own crew gave their departing prisoner three hearty British cheers.

The whole hall is filled with just such interesting material as this. I, for instance, never knew that Nelson had been over here, but evidently he has. And yet all day long this Chubb fellow chafed at losing what he called valuable time. Even a personal communication from Oliver Cromwell to John Winthrop, ancestor of Helen's, failed to interest him.

He prided himself on being right up to the minute. Nothing of such ancient and mediaeval rot, he informed her, was worthy the attention of a future coal baron.

We ended the day by a visit to the National Monument erected to the Pilgrim Fathers a short distance to the rear of the burial ground and on a slightly higher eminence.

I have no head for figures, but remember only in a vague way that the Monument is very high and very impressive. It is surmounted by a statue of Freedom, and decorated with bas reliefs of scenes of the Landing, allegorical figures of Law, Morality, Truth, Education. It is a noble work of art. One tablet contains all the names of the Mayflower's passengers.

How about the mine? Isn't it about time I was sending you a check to close the deal?

Yours, DRYSDALE.

N. B.—Tomorrow we shall ride around the country hereabouts in the detestable Chubb's automobile. Unfortunately for me the roads here are well built and kept in perfect repair. So unusual I am told in America. We shall visit Duxbury where Standish lived, and will probably see the homesteads of Edward Winslow, John Alden, Governor Bradford and other Colonial notables which are scattered all about here.

To come down to more modern times, the home of Daniel Webster is at Marshfield—not far from here—and the site of the very first railroad ever operated by steam and running on rails in this country. That is at Quincy, and though it was only operated to haul stone from a quarry, it antedates the Baltimore & Ohio, and other claimants, by several years. Interesting, isn't it?

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

Dear Old Sweetheart:

Did you tell Josia Chubb where I was? I'd hate to think that of you, for he's certainly, if you don't

mind my saying so, the limit. I know he's the son of your old friend and will some day be a Coal Baron, but really, I'd rather be a typewriter than a Coal Baroness.

In my opinion Fate seems to deal her favors with wretchedly poor taste. Here for instance, is Goggles, as we call him. Probably he doesn't boast of any old family tree, and perhaps he's only a human guide book, as you remarked in one of your letters.

But the other day he got into an argument about the family of Miles Standish with a well known savant of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and somehow or other he has a knowledge of English genealogy—particularly regarding the old Puritan and Pilgrim families, that is something extraordinary. He seemed to know exactly how much right there was in Standish's claim to the estate of Standish Hall, and knew all about his career in the Low Countries.

But Chubb! Oh, Chubb is unspeakable. I'll admit he has a great big, splendid touring car; he insists that I spend the day with him tomorrow. I finally consented, provided several other members of our party were invited. So Goggles comes along, for which I am truly thankful.

That young man has been the very soul of consideration this trip. It seems to me that I won't be able to get along without him if this thing keeps up much longer. I wonder if I could hire him as a traveling companion all for myself? Oh, I suppose that would be out of the question. But that's the way I feel sometimes.

It is so hard to get good servants that you must pardon me, Popsy, if I give vent to my feelings occasionally.

Well, we have done the Landing Place of the Pilgrims pretty thoroughly, don't you think so? Tomor-

row we shall go down the Cape on Chubb's "Flyer," but, nevertheless, I intend to enjoy it, Chubb or no Chubb.

With love and kisses,

Your affect. daughter,
HELEN.

[*Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

BOSTON.

Dear Popsy:

Mr. Chubb, with his new Maxwell motor car drove up to the Somerset bright and early this morning.

For the first time since we started Goggles seemed somewhat out of sorts. I insisted that he come along, as it seemed the least I could do for his uniform courtesy during this trip.

I am rather glad we did, for the chauffeur failed to materialize, and Mr. Chubb had some doubt about starting. Goggles, however, kindly looked the machine over, and volunteered to drive. We sat together, he and I, and I must say that his work as a guide was almost cast in the shade by his accomplishments as a chauffeur. I did not tell him I had a machine of my own and was more or less familiar with the different makes, but I knew from his remarks that he knew a good deal more of the subject than he was willing I should suspect. His talk, however, was mainly about the leading French makes, and with these he seemed entirely familiar.

He is really the first Englishman I ever met who actually had a good word to say of the French as a work-a-day nation. He extolled their wonderful ability as

mechanical engineers, and claimed that they really were the first to demonstrate the practicability of the trans-atlantic cable with a line from Paris to London, and were almost contemporaneous with Morse in the discovery of telegraphy. Contrary to the general impression, he says, the French are a wonderfully clever people mechanically, but somehow or other we Anglo-Saxons associate that nation with only artistic and perhaps frivolous achievements. He rather embarrassed me, in a sense, with his perfect familiarity with the behind-the-scenes knowledge of their practical greatness—so different from the average talk about that country—that he held me perfectly fascinated. And all because he once rode a French automobile!

Mr. Chubb claimed that he could go easily sixty miles an hour, but the many charming towns we passed through were so delightfully quaint and different from anything I had ever seen that we took things much more leisurely.

"Down the Cape" as they call it here is an experience by itself. The country is wholly different from any other place you have ever seen. The people are different, and the whole place is romantic and beautiful to a degree hard to describe. I know you were never there for you were born too near it.

It isn't so many years ago I am told that the Cape was almost a sealed book to the summer tourist. Occasionally a traveler more daring than the rest would venture upon the infrequent trains and go forth like a Livingston or a Stanley, a strange country for to see. But today!

Well, there are trains leaving Boston almost every hour of the day. One in the afternoon particularly is a private train made up exclusively of parlor

cars—for Boston's most exclusive and aristocratic society have set the seal of their approval on the Cape, and the demand for luxurious travel has kept pace with this altered state of things. I could not begin to mention all the prominent Boston families who live down here in the summer among the various villages, but they include a highly important division. Mr. Cleveland's home at Buzzard's Bay—Joe Jefferson's and Richard Olney's come most readily to mind—but there are a host of others.

And no wonder. Even the short time I spent on it gave me an insatiable appetite for more. The conference of the land is such that it is swept by ocean breezes from all sides. The soil is, of course, very sandy. Consequently, there is an utter absence of anything like dampness no matter how much it rains, and so we have a climate much like Lakewood, Saratoga and Long Branch all rolled into one.

But perhaps the chief charm lies in the fact that in this out of the way place contact with the outer world is still only transient and brief at the most, and the oddity, quaintness and originality of the people is still preserved.

Most of the towns are very old. In fact, few of them date much nearer than early in the 1700's. The town of Brewster—a great favorite with Chicago people—for instance, was named after the famous Plymouth elder of that name, and was founded not many years after that celebrated settlement. Wellfleet, way down at the end of the Cape, was at one time third in importance of all the towns in New England by reason of its whale fisheries. The old seal of the town shows the picture of a whale, and the early name was Whale-fleet.

But the whaling industry is a forgotten chapter among the Cape Codders of today, and Wellfleet now supports

itself by the antithesis of the whale—the clam—and as a station for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company.

Ever and anon, as we drove from one town to another, glimpses of ocean, lake and woodland greeted the eyes. The roads are in splendid condition, except at intervals in the lower part of the Cape where transit is rare and sand dunes plentiful. Wayside inns are frequent, reasonable in charge, and delightful in service. Everywhere there is the feeling of having dropped a century or so, and living back in the days that are no more.

At Chatham we stopped long enough for a dip in the ocean. The Gulf Stream laves the beach here and renders the water particularly enjoyable.

Although whaling is only a memory there are occasional "blows" seen off shore at the end of the Cape. It is not unusual for a visitor to be able to join a whaling party and enjoy all the danger and excitement of this pastime without going further from the mainland than he can traverse again before night falls.

Coming back from Chatham I changed seats and rode with Mr. Chubb, leaving his aunt to sit with Goggles. For a young gentleman who can be delightfully interesting on a trip like this when he wishes, Goggles can certainly be the other way as well. Not a word out of him could she get except, "Yes? No! Really!" "How nice!" "Oh! dear!" etc., etc.

Now, Popsy, I feel as if you owed me a lot for keeping you so well posted on my comings and goings. Don't you agree with me?

Your affect. daughter,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

I accepted an invitation to join Miss Winthrop in a motor trip "down the Cape," as they call it, forgetting for the moment that I am a hired minion at $3.33 per diem. I told the rest of the party, however, that the company would pay their expenses no matter where they went till I got back.

Most of them ran up to Boston, which is only a short distance from here, but this little *faux pas* of mine will use up all the salary I will draw for the next two months. That's what I call hard luck.

Still, it was easily worth it. Chubb knows as much about a motor car as a Boston man knows about New England. If it hadn't been for the perfectly splendid roads and the almost flat surface, there's no telling what might have happened with that gas-fitter at the wheel.

Of course, his chauffeur had to disappear. That's a way chauffeurs have. I saw he was almost ready to funk on the trip, and although I was one of the invited guests, I volunteered to assist if desired. I might not have been so willing had I not observed that Miss Winthrop was occupying the front seat, and before he could get a chance to exchange places with her aunt in the rear, I had the machine going at a pretty good clip.

He made the best of a bad bargain and I settled myself down to a delicious day's enjoyment.

Miss Winthrop improves every minute of my acquaintance. She has that very rare attribute in women—a keen sense of humor and seems to have a soul above the almighty dollar.

It was not my place, of course, to speak until spoken

to, but I managed to keep her talking quite continuously.

She told some very queer stories about life in these parts, and the climate which is very changeable. Sometimes I fear I showed by my face that I was somewhat startled, but of course I couldn't, or wouldn't, have you think I impugn her veracity for a moment.

We passed a team with a kind of harness I had never seen before, and when I said: "Miss, can you tell me what sort of a rig that is?" she answered instantly: "That's raw hide—the most remarkable kind of a harness you ever saw."

"Why so?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well," she said, "it's so pliable, as it were, and yet so rigid at times. An uncle of mine overtook a man leading a team with that raw hide harness. They were at the foot of a hill and suddenly a heavy thunder shower came up. In a few moments man, horse and harness were soaked through."

"Really!"

"The first thing you knew that harness began to stretch. The driver led his horses till they reached the top of the hill, the wagon was still at the bottom."

"How remarkable."

"You see, the wagon wouldn't move till all the stretch was out of the harness. So the driver took a buckle around a tree, and went into the hotel for refreshment."

"I follow you."

"While he was wetting himself and drying himself at the same time, the weather made one of those lightning changes for which New England is famous. The sun shone brightly. And what do you suppose happened?"

"Oh, really, I couldn't imagine, you know."

"Well, that harness began to shrink. Slowly at first,

but gradually faster and faster as it grew dryer, till the wagon was coming up the hill on a run! It struck the tree with such force that half its load was thrown to the ground."

I thought that was a very remarkable occurrence, but very natural under the circumstances. I am going to get a set of that harness to take back with me.

Still it struck me as very unusual. Was it? My attitude seemed to encourage her, however, for she told me of a night watchman they have down at her home whom she thinks is the most conscientious man she ever knew.

One evening some boys threw a stone through the music room window, and he was sent to investigate the damage.

"Oh, Miss Helen," he said on returning, "it's much more serious than I supposed. The pane is bruk on both sides!"

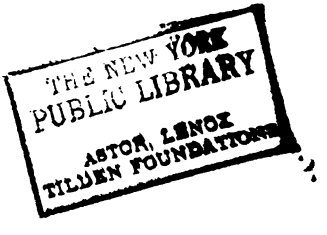
She was certainly in gay spirits. She wound up this slight digression by relating the story of an aunt of hers up in Maine, from whom permission was desired to run telephone wires to an adjoining house.

"Why, certainly," said the dear old lady, who likes to oblige everybody, "only you must agree not to talk after nine o'clock. I'm a very light sleeper and the least noise will keep me awake."

What other remarkable and spectacular incidents might have befallen those wonderful relatives of hers I do not know for just then we drew up at the quaintest sort of an inn for luncheon. And after lunch I was relegated to the rear with Aunt Fanny.

You do not write me about that mine. In fact, I haven't heard from you since I wrote you to give up that beastly Mexican trip.

The Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Mass., celebrated in Longfellow's poems of "Twice Told Tales"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Heavens! Suppose you've gone anyhow, and all my letters have failed to reach you!

Horrors! What would happen! But I will dismiss my fears. Mr. Chubb is disaster enough for one letter.

Yours, DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

BOSTON, July 31.

Dear Popsadoodles:

Dearie me! It seems as if I did nothing but wire you for money, and write you such long letters that you never find time to read them. Won't you be glad when I get back to the Bride of the Blue Ridge? Isn't that a pretty name for Durham? I thought it out all by myself. Yes, this Eastern Cultuah is certainly doing me good.

We have continued our trip "down the Cape." We have seen the famous Cranberry bogs and the ancient methods of drying codfish. We also saw the first plant for the production of salt out of sea water. That other scheme for extracting gold out of the same commodity is no longer in evidence. About all that serves to remind one that the thrifty Yankee put his hard-earned cash in such a bubble, is the occasional appearance of a smooth tongued sharper, still selling beautifully engraved sheets of paper representing shares in this inexhaustible money-maker, and finding buyers!

Well, something must be done to keep the rural community from going to the dogs from want of mental excitement. The days of the lightning rod agent, when the poor farmer's note for ten dollars was promptly raised to ten hundred, and his farm seized in payment, are gone.

The gold brick industry, however, is still popular in New England; and Louisiana lottery tickets are in brisk demand. With these, and the patent medicine habit, the Down East agriculturist manages to keep his senses.

Another curious trait of these delightful people is the County History habit. This peculiarity seems to be inborn in these simple sons of toil.

Fame at $150 per page, seems high to the unsophisticated city man. Still when that includes a full page "half-tone" portrait of yourself (taken always twenty years before, when the hair was still in evidence) it cannot be considered expensive. Many a man has paid a good deal more, for less satisfaction, than comes from the placid contemplation of a picture of his own classic features, with his signature sprawled underneath, and a page of hysterical panegyric directly opposite.

Who has not felt a thrill of pride as he has read of "the indomitable will" of this or that prominent citizen, "which conquered all obstacles," "whose many virtues in a brief but meteoric career has shed luster upon his native village of Popham's Four Corners?"

Is it at all strange that such a strong character is now recognized as the controlling genius in the great Hay, Grain and Feed business owned by the subject of this sketch in the nearby commercial center of East Middle Popham?"

Oh! these dear old compendiums of fact, fiction, and fiddlesticks! Who shall say that their work has not in its ultimate phase, borne fruit of lasting benefit to the community? The Library giving habit is only the County History habit carried out to its legitimate and logical conclusion, and it is worth the money.

But dear Popsy, I do not want you to think that I am

not in sympathy with the New England farmer. He is an old, sweet thing—a contradiction of hard-headedness and warm-heartedness. The Winning of the West by its railroads would never have been possible but for the New England farmer's love of a gamble. Originally the great copper mines sprang from the same source. Goldfield, Tonapah, Bullfrog, and many other of the recently opened mines in Nevada owe much to this same New England farmer. Likewise a large number of mines which will never exist except in the heated imagination of their projectors.

He has bought stock in Spindle Top Oil Gushers in Texas, only to find later that the shock which leveled Mont Pelée, also forever stopped the flow of oil in Spindle Top.

Perhaps he does like a big piece of blue sky for his money, in preference to real estate, at times,—but leave him alone; in the long run he wins out.

The night I was down at Wellfleet was a red letter day in the annals of that town. Marconi had come from Glacé Bay and was trying to get his Wireless Station in communication with Poldhu. The one hotel was filled with newspaper reporters, artists and photographers, as it was confidently expected that the first attempt to send a message across the Atlantic would be successful.

Three days had been consumed in experimental work, and any moment might either bring success, or prove that something had still to be discovered, and that another year's delay must ensue. The members of the press drove out twice a day to get reports, and so far had made seven trips without results. Reports were encouraging, however, and for the moment, Wellfleet held the center of the world's stage, as in the old whaling days.

Shortly after three o'clock the army of correspondents were seen returning furiously to the hotel. In a few moments the one lone little telegraph operator was overwhelmed with business, and the whole world learned that the first message by wireless from President Roosevelt to King Edward had been received and answered.

The little Cape Cod town rose to the occasion. The Selectmen voted to give the distinguished scientist and the newspaper representatives the freedom of the town and a grand blowout at the Town Hall that night.

And this is how it came about that I saw for the first time with appropriate surroundings and with correct local color, a representation of that bygone institution in New England, "The Singin' Skewl."

You remember how they were dressed—the women all in calicoes, linens, and huge poke bonnets. The men in very tight and very short trousers. There wasn't anything but a tuning fork to give them the key, but after the leader hit it once or twice, they would start up like this:

Soprano (solo): Cousin Hezekiah — Cou sin He ze ki ah

Alto (solo): And Sophia — And So phi a

And Jed e di ah

First Bass: And Jedediah

Second Bass: Are all coming here to Tea!

Chorus: Ohwontwehaveajollytime

All together " "

When . . they . . all . . come . . . . . totea.

Then they sang another one that I think I've heard you tell me about. I don't quite recall the words, but it was something to the effect that,

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a fine world this would be
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

Chorus:
Tooral—looral looral—lay
Tooral—looral looral—lea
If the men were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

I thought Goggles would die laughing. He said he had the program of a real genuine concert that took place in Salem almost a hundred years ago. This performance brought it back to him, he said, and he certainly seemed to enjoy it as much as I, which is saying a good deal.

Well, Popsy, all good things must come to an end, and so with this concert. It was quite a treat to see how well the Selectmen did their speechmaking, and how nice Marconi was, even though I know his eye was on the clock and he was counting the moments till the next train left for Boston. Shortly after nine the rush of celebrities to the train occurred, and Wellfleet went back to slumber and to be forgotten by the rest of the world.

But Popsy, I shall never forget Wellfleet nor dear old Cape Cod. You must make up your mind to build a summer cottage in one of the towns. I don't care much which one you prefer, as they are all perfectly charming.

Well, good-night, old foggy weather. I'm sleepy.

HELEN.

[*From Drysdale to Van.*]

BOSTON, July 31.

Dear Van:

Your continued silence is getting on my nerves. I feel certain you have written, and your letters are somewhere in the country trying to overtake me. But still it seems funny that none of them has been delivered. I grow positively pale with fear when I think you might possibly have gone to Mexico and I not know anything about it.

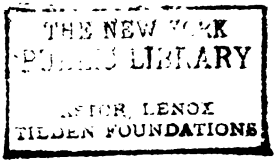
We have returned from our short digression down the Cape in Chubb's Maxwell.

Chubb seems to me an unspeakable sort of a cad. He insisted on sitting next to Helen—Miss Winthrop, I mean—and apparently had no sense of her utter lack of interest in his conversation.

He likes nothing old, and anything dating before the formation of the Coal combine has no interest for him. He told us of a recent trip to Europe during which time he had evidently tried hard to appreciate the beauties of his environment. "But it was no use!" he said. "Nobody could talk United States." He said if the Louvre was in Cincinnaty, "the joint would be pulled by the police." What in the world does that mean? The statues, he thought, were positively indecent. In Cincinnati it appears they put tights on Venus and bathing suits on Aphrodite.

"I knew something was 99-100 pure out there," said Miss Winthrop, "but I didn't know it was the city." Both laughed immoderately at this witticism, but it was too much for me. And his opinion of the Old Masters is shocking. He says if anyone gave him one of these

Monument to Hannah Duston, Haverhill, Mass., who was captured by the Indians, killed fourteen while they slept, and was thus enabled to make her escape to the settlements. One of the bravest feats of Colonial days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pictures, and he had to keep it, he would charge them storage!

These remarks seemed to amuse Miss Winthrop mightily, though to me they were unintelligible jargon.

He finally abandoned his journey at Lake Como. It gave him a pain, he said. People were always talking about the scenery,—grand, beautiful, sublime, etc.

"What's the good of scenery?" he asked. "You can't eat it, you can't drink it, you can't smoke it. Photographs are a darned sight better,—cost less and you don't have to go there."

So he packed up his duds, wired for a berth on the *Lucania,* and traveled night and day till he reached home.

"Never again for me," he concluded. "You folks can have all you want of London, Paris, Vienna or Rome, but it's me for the ivory-mounted hills of Cincinnaty."

What was so confoundedly funny in his remarks I could not see. But Miss Winthrop found them vastly amusing, so I suppose they must have been clever.

I think he went out of his way needlessly to remind me of my position. He always handed out Miss Winthrop himself, but would give me the rugs, coats, shawls, etc., to bring into the hotel with Aunty. Then I was usually obliged to go back and put the car in the garage.

Now, do write, Well, never mind.

Yrs,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

Beach Bluff Hotel, BEACH BLUFF, MASS.

Respected and Dear Sir:

Will you permit me to place on record my deep sense of obligation for your invariable habit of answering my letter by return mail? I have not had one scrap of the pen from you now for three weeks. True, I received the checks sent by the office. Query: Am I on the regular pay roll, or merely an "extra"?

Were it not for the yellow journals I would forget that I ever owned such a careless, negligent, heartless, lovable, dear, indulgent parent.

Yesterday there was a full page sketch of you in that grand literary depository, the Magazine Section of the *Sunday Orb.* It was modestly entitled: "A Great Captain of Industry Now at War in Great Britain."

Was that done to impress me because you knew I'd be down where a real war actually did take place? I'm ashamed of you. Anyhow I wish you'd have a portrait taken. These papers will print your picture, anyhow, so you might as well give them a good one. I think you are a great deal better looking than Mr. Three Dollar Douglass, who seems to be the model from which they all copy.

Mr. Van Rensselaer was not at all moved by the brilliancy of your glory. Of course, one can't expect a mere chauffeur to understand or appreciate these things. Still, I think he might have shown some slight interest.

Instead, he merely glanced at the picture and remarked: "Reminds me of a man I met in Paris once. He was trying to buy the government monopoly of the Tobacco business, or something of that sort."

"I suppose you introduced him to the proper parties," I remarked, sarcastically.

"Well," he said slowly, "I did what I could. I took him to the British Ambassador's. But he really didn't need any help. He had his nerve with him as you say in this country. It was only a little courtesy on my part."

"And did you wait outside, or call for him later?"

His face reddened immediately and he bit his lip. "Oh, yes; I forgot!" he stammered—"I waited—yes, I waited."

He seems to have "knocked around a bit," as he expresses it. But there is always that curious half-repressed air about him that puzzles one so. Still, he's intelligent—, very. And quite well educated. He certainly improves on acquaintance.

Only half an hour's ride from the North station takes one to the lovely old town of Salem, beautiful, colonial, witch-haunted Salem. So here we are.

Now we are going out for a little walk, and I'm going to spend most of the day "In the footsteps of Hawthorne," as the guide books say.

Hawthorne lived in several houses during his almost half century of residence here. He was born in the Union street house, but the Herbert street house is the one for which he evidently had the greatest affection. It adjoins the birthplace house to the rear.

His room in the Herbert street house is in the southwest corner of the third story overlooking his birthplace. Here with a diamond, he scratched his name on a pane of glass.

Of this same room Hawthorne himself wrote:

"In this dismal chamber FAME was won," and again in the often-quoted letter written October 4, 1840: "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by.

Here I have written many tales. . . . Should I have a biographer he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here." This chamber is again referred to in a humorous vein: . . . "Here I am, in my old chamber, where I produced those stupendous works of fiction which have since impressed the universe with wonderment and awe! To this chamber, doubtless, in all succeeding ages, pilgrims will come to pay their tribute of reverence;—they will put off their shoes at the threshold for fear of desecrating the tattered old carpets! 'There,' they will exclaim, 'is the very bed in which he slumbered, and where he was visited by those etheral visions which he afterwards fixed forever in glowing words. There is the wash-stand at which this exalted personage cleansed himself from the stains of earth and rendered his outward man a fitting exponent of the pure soul within. There, in its mahogany frame, is the dressing-glass which often reflected that noble brow, those hyacinthine locks, that mouth bright with smiles or tremulous with feeling, that flashing or melting eye, that—in short, every item of the magnanimous face of this unexampled man. There is the pine table,—there is the old flag-bottomed chair on which he sat, and at which he scribbled, during his agonies of inspiration! There is the old chest of drawers in which he kept what shirts a poor author may be supposed to have possessed! There is the closet in which was deposited his threadbare suit of black! There is the worn-out shoe-brush with which this polished writer polished his boots. There is—but I believe this will be pretty much all, so here I close the catalogue."

Up to the time when he wrote "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne's life was practically the same as many other of his neighbors. "Whatever may be my gifts" he wrote in 1841, "I have not shown a single one that may avail to gather gold." He was known to have written a few things, but nothing of importance had as yet come from his pen.

On this subject he wrote: "When I look at the scanty avails of my past literary efforts I do not feel authorized to expect much from the future. "Yet," he continues, in a more hopeful vein, "We shall see. Other persons have bought large estates and built splendid mansions with such little books as I mean to write, so that perhaps it is

not unreasonable to hope that mine may enable me to build a little cottage, or, at least, to buy or hire one."

At this period he was living at Brook Farm—that wonderful group of idealists so many of whom were destined later to achieve a large measure of fame in the world that then looked down upon them and their Utopian dreams so coldly.

A great part of the manual labor on the farm was performed by the sojourners themselves. Hawthorne speaks thus of his own experience:

"We have eight cows, and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk pail. I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, but I pray Heaven that Mr. Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindliest cow in the herd. * * * I like my brothers in affliction very well, and could you see us sitting round our table at meal times before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight."

Later: "I did not milk the cows last night because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and, with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine."

Such was life at Brook Farm.

His friendship with Franklin Pierce, a classmate of his at Bowdoin, was mainly responsible for his frequent appointments to government service. The application of that patriotic and high-minded political principle—"to the victors belong the spoils," has had at least one good re-

sult. To it, American literature owes the brightest star in its constellation.

Turned out at the instigation of some obscure political boss to make room for a better (?) man, Hawthorne's gentle spirit was greatly depressed. It wasn't the first time it had happened, and some of the best years of his life had been spent in the service.

It was with much trepidation, therefore, that he broke the unwelcome news to his wife.

To his pleasant surprise, the announcement brought no corresponding sense of disaster to her courageous spirit. On the contrary, she welcomed relief from the tasks that had ever proved irksome to him.

"I am rather glad of it," she answered. "Now you will have a chance to write your romance."

"Yes, but we've got to live meanwhile," he replied, with an air of deep dejection.

Mrs. Hawthorne pulled out a bureau drawer and showed him part of the money she had been able to save out of his salary. And forthwith work on "The Scarlet Letter" was commenced.

To Mr. James T. Fields, the great Boston publisher at that time, part of the manuscript was submitted, and its completion urged. Writing to a friend, Hawthorne says: "Part of my story is now in Boston and the balance here, so we can say it is fourteen miles long, anyway."

In a few weeks the remainder was finished, and "The Scarlet Letter" brought Hawthorne fame in a night.

The first edition was only five thousand copies, and the type was all distributed, no further demand being looked for. In a short time the orders had grown so fast that the book was reset and this time electrotyped. To this day the popularity of this charming romance knows no

diminution. The "best sellers" of today are but feeble aggregates against the endless editions of "The Scarlet Letter."

The publication of "The Scarlet Letter" led naturally to a renewed interest in Hawthorne's career in the Salem Custom House.

We visited this reminder of Salem's early maritime importance and of Hawthorne's early labors at the foot of Derby street. The pen and the inkstand which he used are still shown, as are also the weights, beams and stencil with which he marked inspected goods, "N. Hawthorne." The desk at which he wrote is fortunately in the possession of the Essex Institute

The existence of a law prescribing the cruel penalties of "The Scarlet Letter" has been generally distrusted. Yet an actual copy of the law in antique print is also in the possession of the Institute and proudly exhibited to all inquirers. We met Barrie, the great Scotch writer, looking around; when shown the copy, he declared it to be the most valuable possession of the Society. It interested him more than anything else he saw in Salem.

"The Blithedale Romance," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Snow Image," "Endicott and the Red Cross," "Dolliver Romance," "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," "The Marble Faun," quickly followed, and established Hawthorne's reputation as the greatest of all American romanticists.

"The House of Seven Gables" is an object of general interest to the visitor to Salem. As a matter of fact, no such particular house ever existed, but popular fancy has seized upon No. 54 Turner Street as the one referred to in the tale. Hawthorne frequently visited there and on one occasion was taken through the old house by his

cousin, Miss Susan Ingersoll, who said the house once had seven gables.

Coming down the crooked stairs, Hawthorne is said to have repeated, half aloud, "House of the Seven Gables,—that sounds well," and not long after the romance bearing this name appeared.

It was certainly a most interesting day, Popsy, and I was more than pleased with what I saw and heard.

I have, no doubt, worn your patience threadbare with this long letter, but I simply couldn't help it. Good night.

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van Rensselaer.*]

Lincoln Hotel, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., Aug. 2.

My Dear Van:

I am beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable over your continued silence. A young person who calls himself a reporter joined our party last night and gave me rather a bad quarter of an hour at dinner.

His paper is very fond of solving sensational problems, and he kept me quite interested describing some of his past experiences. I took no particular notice of his remarks till he mentioned that he thought he would soon be employed on another similar case; a mysterious disappearance of some kind.

I didn't care to press him for any particulars, and fortunately he was somewhat reserved himself. Miss Winthrop, however, told me this morning that a very strange thing had happened in New York during our absence, and which she thought was not wholly unconnected with our newspaper friend's visit to New England. A young

Monument at the "Old North Bridge," Concord, Mass., where the advance of the British was finally checked, 1775. The graves of the first two British soldiers killed in the war are at the end of the Bridge

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Englishman, she said, had suddenly dropped out of sight, while at the same time a rich young American had also disappeared.

"Well," I said, "what of that? Isn't this what you call a free country?"

"Perhaps," she answered, "but none of us are free to drop out of it with no explanation."

Fortunately, she abruptly changed the subject. Our trip is expanding. After we do Salem, Lexington and Concord, we shall go up the Maine Coast and possibly further. I wish it would last forever.

The prospect of losing her, Van, is awful. There is no doubt about it, she is perfectly adorable. I ought to know. In all our constant association she has shown so much consideration for everyone—has been so uniformly courteous to the guide, that I am more than ever convinced that I have made no mistake.

"What will you do when the season ends?" she asked after a short pause. "Do you 'personally conduct' in the winter, as well?"

"Oh, there is Florida and California in this country, besides the Riviera, Italy and Egypt," I replied, evading a direct answer.

"I know," she said, "but I should think you would like to get into something more—more—"

"Respectable?" said I, laughing.

"No. Not that exactly," she said quite seriously. "But it seems to me somehow, that you have it in you to be a man of affairs. Papa wasn't always rich, you know—in fact, as a boy, he was very poor—started with $50 and an old mule," she added laughing. "The old homestead refused to raise anything for a time but stones and mortgages."

"He's what you call a self-made man. Now if you could sell goods or get up a new brand of cigarettes, I believe Popsy could place you. And I believe you'd win out," she concluded, in quite a burst of enthusiasm.

"But I don't know anything about the Tobacco business," I began.

"Well, you'd know enough not to let the others find it out, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps."

"Suppose you were asked to think of a name for a new brand of Egyptian cigarettes. What would you call them?"

"Oh! I don't know. After some place in Egypt, I suppose—Suez, for instance, or ——"

"No," she replied. "I see you are hopelessly ignorant. You would pick out a name that meant nothing, signified nothing, and was as far removed from Egypt as possible.

"Supposing your brand was a flat failure," she continued. "How would you advertise it?"

"Largest selling brand in the world!" I said, sarcastically.

"Right you are!" she cried. "You're not half so stupid as you'd like me to believe. I shall write the pater this very afternoon."

I can't tell you, Van, how delightful these occasional tête-a-têtes are. She is altogether so charmingly frank, and is so honest in her endeavor to further my welfare, that I am beginning to dread the final outcome of this business. I haven't meant to deceive her, but I am afraid she will not relish the deception, no matter what excuse I offer.

But I don't care. I will make a clean breast of the whole thing and throw myself on the mercy of the Court,

I told her the story of my colonial ancestor, Franklin—Lord Franklin, you remember, who married a pretty girl who was only a scullery maid in an inn at the next town from here, old Marblehead. She was actually scrubbing the stairs when my august cousin passed through the town on a visit to Governor Wentworth, but she was extraordinarily pretty and my lord promptly fell in love with her, sent her to England to be educated, and married her. Miss Winthrop thought the story very pretty, but said the girl took great chances.

"What chances?" said I. "Lots of American girls marry Englishmen of title nowadays and are happy."

"Why are you always defending Englishmen of title?" she suddenly asked, giving me a glance that I felt pierced me through and through.

"Because I am—because I like—because—Oh! simply because I think you are prejudiced," I stammered—and Van, I was frightened to death. I was so full of Lord Franklin that I was afraid that in my excitement I had spoken of him as a kinsman, but I couldn't remember.

"Well," she said, "perhaps I am. Anyhow, I never had much use for a man who wouldn't work."

Van, I'm going to learn the tobacco business.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

P. S.—Van, do men in the tobacco business have to work?

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

SALEM, MASS., Aug. 2.

Dear Old Sweet Thing:

It is out of the question to write you all I want about this quaint old town. It is the most interesting city in the whole country.

After a most delightful day spent among the haunts of Hawthorne, we took up another and more sombre page in the annals of old Salem—Witchcraft.

I often wonder, Popsy, why they don't get your advertising man down here. He'd boom the place on other and pleasanter lines than Witchcraft, I'm sure. Those days are among the most interesting in Salem's history, no doubt, but the episode is such a painful one, that it needs glossing over.

In Justice to Salem it must be borne in mind that a belief in witchcraft prevailed everywhere at that time, and executions for this crime were frequent. Boston was guilty of one before Salem. Persons who forget this, do the town a great injustice. To read of the persecution and judicial murder of nineteen friendless and unhappy old grandmothers as a result of this craze, comes with a decided shock to the stranger, in spite of the lapse of centuries.

In the Court House you can see the documents recording the original testimony taken at the trials. The death warrant of old Bridget Bishop, together with the sheriff's return, certifying that he had taken the poor creature out on Gallows Hill and there "hanged her by the neck till she was dead" is also shown. Some of the pins which the victims testified were found in their bodies, are also in this curious collection.

It seems incredible that in any day people could have been deprived of their lives on such flimsy evidence as proved sufficient for conviction in these witch trials. One dear old lady, Rebecca Nurse, seventy years of age and of exemplary character, fell a victim to the delusion. At her trial, a paper signed by thirty-nine of her neighbors testifying to her blameless life, was offered in her defense. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," but the fury of the mob was so great that the judges were compelled to set aside the finding and condemn her to death. She was accordingly executed. A granite monument, bearing a tribute from the pen of Whittier, now marks her resting place. Her home is still standing.

The case of Giles Corey is without parallel in this country as regards the cruel manner of his death. He was an octogenarian and unpopular. He was greatly interested in the witch trials, but his wife, Martha, objected to his attendance. She was soon accused of witchcraft and the testimony of her own husband was largely instrumental in causing her death sentence.

After the trial the old man realized the grievous wrong he had done her, and perhaps welcomed the news that he himself was to be arrested on the same terrible charge.

When arraigned for trial he absolutely refused to plead, notwithstanding that under the law as it then stood, he would be cast into prison and heavy weights put upon his prostrate body until he answered—or died.

This fiendish punishment was inflicted on Giles Corey, three days before his wife was hanged, and he endured his terrible agony, till death brought relief. There is abundant evidence to prove that he thus purposely expiated the great wrong he had done his wife.

Opposite the site of the old Court House a bronze tablet has been erected telling the story.

Nearly opposite this spot
Stood, in the middle of the street,
A building devoted, from 1677 until 1718,
To municipal and Judicial uses.
In it in 1692,
were tried and condemned for witchcraft
Most of the nineteen persons
Who suffered death on the gallows.
Giles Corey was here put to trial
on the same charge, and, refusing to plead,
Was taken away and pressed to death.
In January, 1693, twenty-one persons
were tried here for witchcraft,
of whom eighteen were acquitted and
three condemned, but later set free,
together with about 150 accused persons,
In a general delivery which occurred in May.

There is still standing what is known here as the "Witches' House," which is also the house in which the great preacher, Roger Williams, lived. In this place some of the trials were held. The massive beams and chimney, which they showed me, are the same that were in the house at that time. It is altered by the addition of a drug store and the top floors are occupied by an enterprising Irishman who sells antiques and curios—a peculiarly suitable location. Otherwise it remains as originally constructed.

I can't help feeling a little depressed, Popsy, over this dark chapter in Salem's history. But the revulsion of feeling which followed the execution of poor old Rebecca Nurse was so great, that the belief in witchcraft was utterly routed, not only in Salem, but from the civilized world as well. "Out of evil cometh good."

In "Alice Doane's Appeal" Hawthorne points out the true lesson of the witchcraft delusion, and the duty of

marking the spot where the final acts of that tragedy took place—a duty which still remains to be performed.

"Yet, ere we left the hill, we could not but regret that there is nothing on its barren summit, no relic of old, nor lettered stone of later days, to assist the imagination in appealing to the heart. We build the memorial column on the height which our fathers made sacred with their blood, poured out in a holy cause. And here, in dark funereal stone, should rise another monument, sadly commemorative of the errors of an early race, and not to be cast down, while the human heart has one infirmity that may result in crime."

Isn't it strange that Salem lets Hawthorne's appeal remain so long unheeded? I actually heard that Gallows Hill itself is in the market to be sold for suburban lots. Do you think that's quite right, Popsy?

I don't believe we shall have time to see much more of dear old Salem, though we have not exhausted its treasures by any means. We went into the Essex Institute, which is well worth a visit, and also the Peabody Institute, founded by George Peabody, the great philanthropist, who, by the way, was born near here and laid the foundation of his vast fortune in this village.

In the grounds of the Essex Institute is preserved the original First Church in Salem. It is a curious building, scarcely larger than a good sized room. It was, however, the home of the oldest Congregational Society organized in America, the one in Plymouth having been transplanted from England. It was founded in 1629, and in 1635 enlarged. The contract for this work, in Governor Endicott's own handwriting, is still preserved in the City Hall.

It is signed also by Roger Conant—the original settler of Salem,—he having come from Cape Ann two years before Endicott—also by William Hawthorne, (great-grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne), John Woodbury

and Lawrence Leach. John Pickering was the contractor —he whose descendant, Timothy, was Washington's great friend, and who filled the place of Secretary of War, Postmaster General, and Secretary of State in his cabinets, besides being a Senator and Representative. Pickering was extremely prominent in several battles of the Revolution, and altogether was quite a national figure. His house still stands in Salem. It was built in 1669, and has been in the family ever since.

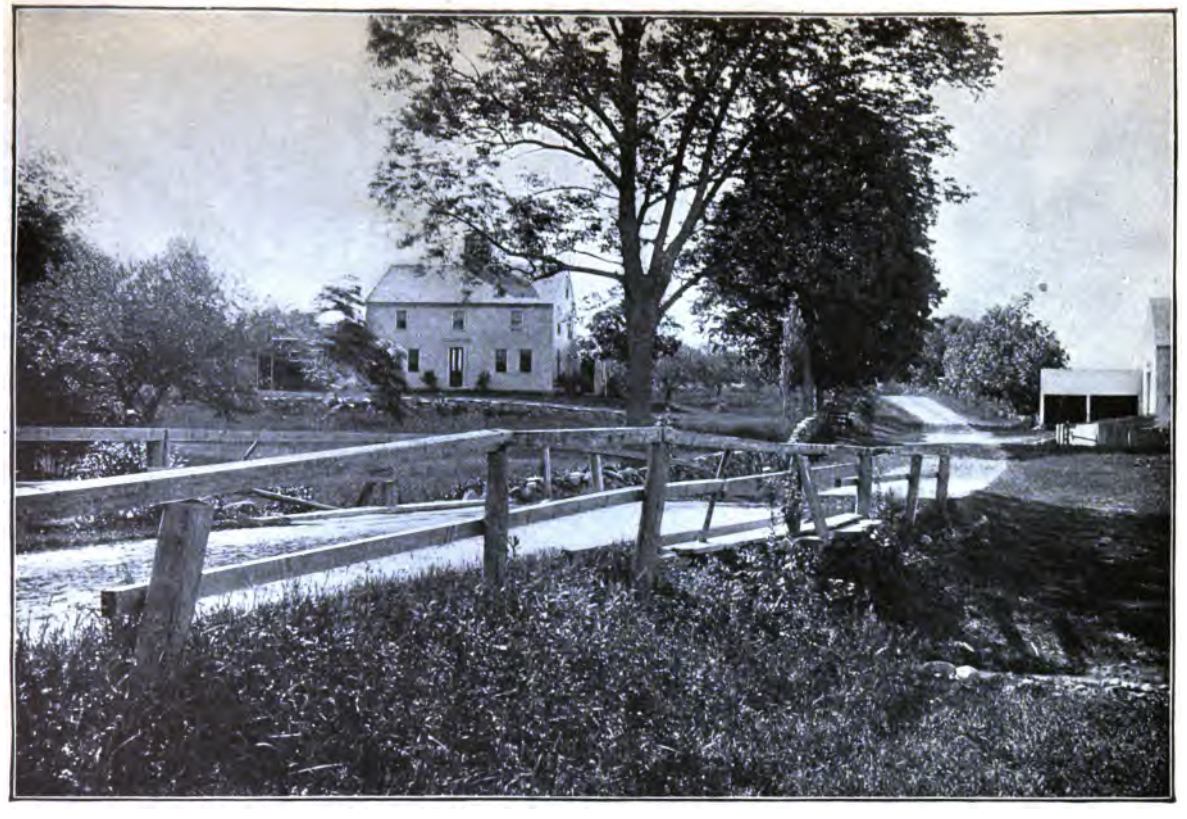
Salem, you must know, contends with both Lexington and Concord and New York, for the honor of having offered the first armed resistance to the British. These First-Blood-spilled-in-the-Revolution places are running a good second with the old mammies who nursed George Washington. On the old North Bridge is this tablet:

In the
Revolution
the first
Armed Resistance
to the
Royal Authority
was made at this
BRIDGE
26 Feby 1775

By the people of
Salem
The advance of 300 British
Troops led by Lt. Col. Leslie
And sent by Gen. Gage to seize
Munitions of War was here
Arrested

It must have been a more important incident than History usually gives it credit for, as Edmund Burke referred to it in a speech in Parliament in which he pointed out the slender thread on which the peace of the kingdom hung, claiming that the least exertion of military power on that occasion would have precipitated a conflict.

Near this same old bridge occurred the death of John Winthrop's eldest son by drowning, which sad event happened the day after he landed, to the unspeakable grief of the First Governor.



Where the good grey poet, John G. Whittier, was born. Haverhill, Mass., now a prosperous shoe town.

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One of the red letter days in Salem's history is the visit of Lafayette. It was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration—Salem having played so prominent a part in the Revolution by reason of her men and ships and general activity.

I suppose I should make special mention of the fact that the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, England's leading statesman, came here for one of Salem's girls for a bride —Mary Endicott, descendant of the Colonial Governor. The old Endicott house still stands and is a splendid specimen of Colonial architecture.

Speaking of architecture reminds me that artists and designers from all over the world come here to study the beautiful work done by the builders of Colonial days. In this respect the little town occupies a unique situation in the realm of the creative arts.

But I fear, Popsy, I have already written too much. I could not help it, however. It is certainly an event in my life—this visit to Salem.

By the way, I have a friend whom I think would be a valuable addition to the forces of the Tobacco Company. Exactly in what department, I do not know, but his general all-around ability makes me feel that he could fit in almost anywhere. I shall give you more particulars when I write you again.

With stacks and bushels of love, believe me,

Your affect. daughter, HELEN.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

LEXINGTON, MASS., August 00, 19—.

Dear Daddy:

Here I am in the place which you have so often described to me, and which I have always longed to see for myself!

It certainly does give one little thrills to be standing on this consecrated ground, and it doesn't take much imagination to see the redcoats coming down the street and hear the beating of the drums. I stood on the Common this morning close by the spot where those fearless minute men assembled that other morning and awaited the arrival of Pitcairn and his 800 trained soldiers, "too few to resist, too brave to fly." A gigantic boulder marks the spot where they stood, and on it are those brave words of Captain John Parker: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war, let it begin here."

And there it began. Pitcairn ordered the men to lay down their arms and disperse, and then occurred the first tragedy of the Revolution. A monument, covered with ivy, marks the battlefield. The monument has this inscription, which shows the sentiments of the people in 1799, when the monument was erected:

SACRED TO THE LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND! ! !
TO THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA
SEALED AND DEFENDED WITH THE BLOOD OF HER SONS
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
By the Inhabitants of Lexington
Under the Patronage and at the Expense of
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
To the Memory of Their Fellow Citizens,

Ensign Robert Munroe and Messrs. Jonas Parker,
Samuel Hadley, Johnathan Harrington, Jr.,
Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington and John Brown
of Lexington and Ashahel Porter, of Woburn,
Who fell on This Field, the First Victims to the
Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression,
On the Morning of the Ever Memorable
Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775
The Die Was Cast! ! !
The Blood of These Martyrs
In the Cause of God and Their Country
Was the Cement of the Union of These States, then
Colonies, and Gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness
and Resolution of Their Fellow Citizens.
They Rose as One Man to Revenge Their Brethren's
Blood and at the Point of the Sword, to Assert and
Defend their Native Rights.
They Nobly Dar'd to Be Free! !
The Contest Was Long, Bloody and Affecting.
Righteous Heaven Approved the Solemn Appeal,
Victory Crowned Their Arms; and
The Peace, Liberty and Independence of the United
States of America Was Their Glorious Reward.
House of
JONATHAN HARRINGTON
who wounded on the common
April 19 1775
dragged himself to the
door and died at his
wife's feet.

Here is one on the road leading to Concord. I give it exactly as it appears without punctuation:

At this well april 19 1775
JAMES HAYWARD OF ACTON
met a British soldier who raising his gun
said you are a dead man
And so are you replied Hayward
Both fired The soldier was instantly
killed and Hayward mortally
wounded
Near this spot
EARL PERCY
with reinforcements planted a
fieldpiece to cover the retreat of the
British Troops
April 19 1775

The Munroe Tavern on Massachusetts Avenue bears this inscription:

EARL PERCY'S
HEADQUARTERS AND HOSPITAL
April 19 1775
THE MUNROE TAVERN
Built 1695

O, Daddy, it makes me sad and happy all in one to think of those simple people who lived and died so fearlessly. Truly "their hopes were stronger than their fears." No wonder that Lexington is proud of her martyrs, and we cannot blame Concord for being a little bit jealous, for, you know, the people of Concord say that the trouble was "merely incidental" and might have occurred in any one of the half a dozen towns through which the Redcoats passed. I suppose that is true, but just the same the Lexington men *did* assemble on the green, and the Concord folks may talk and scold all they please. I shall still continue to adore Lexington. I was so thankful that Mr. Chubb did not accompany us here, for he would have spoiled everything! I should like to stop over for a week, but we must go on tomorrow to Concord.

Dearest love and kisses from

HELEN.

[*Helen Winthrop to her Father in Pittsburgh.*]

CONCORD, August 26, 19—

Dearest Dad:

We arrived here this morning about nine o'clock and engaged rooms at "The Wayside," Concord's best hotel. It really seems as if all those wonderful men who lived

here so long ago, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Alcott, had cast a spell on the atmosphere. There is a feeling almost of consecration in the place, and as I looked for the first time on its quiet beauty, I kept repeating to myself the words of "the Concord seer":

"Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities;
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind
Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart.
Love shuns the sage, the child it crowns,
Gives all to them who all renounce."

This morning I strolled along the shady streets, stopping once, in a little shop to buy some photographs and views of the celebrities and noted places. The shopkeeper was a dear, little old woman with a gentle face and dark, pretty eyes. Everywhere one feels the pride and sympathy of the people in the great spirits who have given them their wonderful heritage.

The old North Bridge where the minute men gathered is gone, but there is a rustic bridge in its place. As I stood there, Mr. Goggles came lounging around the corner, looking very comfortable and handsome in his white flannels. He seemed surprised to see me and said he had left the others to enjoy a quiet walk by himself, and, as I had come away for the same purpose, it seemed quite natural to go on together.

I am afraid that we did not "do the town" very systematically; we simply wandered about and stumbled against interesting things. One of them was the beautiful free library built by William Munroe and given

285142A

"With Funds for its Maintenance
and Extension
For the Use of the Inhabitants
of His Native Town"

Here we saw a fine crayon portrait of Emerson and a bust of Hawthorne. Then we went to the Barrett House and visited the "Muster Room" where the patriotic farmers enlisted, and after this, it was impossible not to wander down the Lexington road, stopping to read the various tablets which have been erected to commemorate important events. I copied the inscriptions of two of these tablets to send to my poor old Dad who can't see these things for himself. The first one is as follows:

"This Bluff
Was used as a Rallying Point
By the British
April 19, 1775.
After a Sharp Fight
They Returned to Fiske Hill
From Which They Were Driven
In Great Confusion.

The second tablet was at Meriam's Corner where the Lexington and Bedford roads join:

"The British Troops
Retreating From The
Old North Bridge
Were Here Attacked in Flank
By the Men of Concord
And Neighboring Towns
And Driven Under a Hot Fire
To Charlestown."

Right near this spot stands a yellow house in such apparent good condition, that one has to get quite close, before one sees that its poor old face is covered with the wrinkles of age. Of course, you have already guessed that this was the Meriam House. A very nice, old man took us inside, and we looked at the curious closets and the old oven, and tried to imagine the consternation of

poor Mrs. Meriam that cold April morning when the British troops came so near helping themselves to the family breakfast!

Possibly this may have reminded us that it was lunch time, but we lingered to visit one more place of interest, Munroe's Tavern, where the British troops gathered. It is little changed, and the taproom is exactly the same as it was on that day when the impetuous Pitcairn stirred his toddy with his fingers and swore that he would do likewise "with the blood of the rebels in the morning."

We came back to the hotel, tired and hungry and fairly dizzy with all our sensations and impressions. This afternoon, but really I *mustn't* tell you about that, now! It is time for dinner, so good-bye, dear.

Your loving, HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

The Colonial Arms, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Dear Van:

And still no letter from you! I declare I'm getting nervous. What in the world can the matter be? Wire me on receipt of this, to let me know at least that you are alive.

Our trip, as I wrote you, is expanding. Yesterday was spent in Concord, and I declare, Van, it was almost the most interesting day yet.

Never before was Her Highness so sweet and gracious. For once, my party seemed willing to entertain each other, so Miss Winthrop and I were alone together most of the day. I improved the opportunity to fall more madly in love with her than ever—if that were possible.

We first went to Emerson's old home, passing on the

way the First Church in which he preached in his early days, and in which the first Provincial Congress met, under the leadership of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Those stormy days, just before the outbreak of the war, had their beginning in this sleepy old town. The original church building was burned down, but the present one is a duplicate as nearly as possible.

A little beyond Emerson's house is "Wayside," one of Hawthorne's Concord homes. The other, "The Old Manse," lies in a different direction. Here was written "Moses from an Old Manse."

Tucked under the ridge is the Hillside Chapel of the never-to-be-forgotten group of Concord Philosophers, founded by Bronson Alcott. Here also was the famous Brook Farm community, composed of men and women nearly all of whom rose to distinction in later life.

Of this number were George William Curtis, Chas. A. Dana, the Alcotts, Phoebe, Louisa and Bronson, Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Channing, Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Sanborn, Thoreau, Hawthorne, George Ripley and others.

It was founded on the idea of a community of interest and certainly was a unique and thoroughly idealistic organization. That it failed to survive the conditions which surrounded it was no fault of the brilliant intellects which conceived the plan.

Thoreau lived in a little cabin on the edge of Walden Pond. The Emersons had lived for many generations in Concord. The Old Manse was the home of the Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo, and from its windows he watched the fight at the old North Bridge on that memorable morning in April and saw the shot fired that was heard round the world.

Statue of the "Minute Men," Concord, Mass.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

The fighting parson narrowly missed actual participation in the fray. At sunrise he had answered Dr. Prescott's alarm and joined the gathering of Minute Men on the little eminence above the Bridge called Mile Long Bridge. As the British approached, in numbers treble those of their antagonists, the good doctor went to the old manse to see if all was well with his family and was there locked in, presumably by some of his devoted parishioners, who feared he might recklessly expose himself.

But I don't want to weary you about the battle of Concord and Lexington. Miss Winthrop is writing about it to her father. The place remains much as it did then. The first British soldiers who were killed in the Revolution fell here, and are buried next a stone wall just a few feet from the bridge itself.

Monroe's Tavern, where the British troops gathered, is still standing and is but little changed. The taproom and the table on which Pitcairn set his toddy, while he stirred it with his fingers "as I will do with the blood of rebels in the morning," is preserved exactly as it was on that fateful day. Meriam's Corner, where the Minute Men ran during the retreat to cut the enemy off, is, I am told, wholly unchanged. A bronze tablet tells the story of the pursuit which lasted from this corner almost to Charlestown.

During Washington's occupation of Cambridge, Harvard College was moved to Concord and remained here until the end of the war.

In the afternoon we went to Sleepy Hollow cemetery—where rests all that is mortal of Hawthorne, Channing, Thoreau, Emerson, Sherman Hoar and Senator George Frisbie Hoar (of the family of statesmen) who have made their home in Concord for generations.

Margaret Sidney, whose delightful series of stories "The Five Little Peppers," for young folks, is also a resident of this village.

In my discussions with Miss Winthrop I am afraid I made some very lame explanations to account for my rather surprising intimate knowledge of Concord and its surroundings. But you know, Van, that under the circumstances it was entirely natural. I remarked that of necessity all this material must be known to me, as it was my business to have it on the tip of my tongue. Nevertheless, she was slightly curious, but a threatened accident which, but for my instant action, would have resulted seriously—saved both her and myself, and accomplished wonders for me at the same time.

A motor car came around a bend in the road at incredible speed. I had scarcely time to grasp Miss Winthrop in my arms and step back into safety, before the machine was upon us and gone. It was a very narrow escape, and to my great satisfaction she showed her appreciation by a much friendlier manner all the afternoon.

Certain things seem to convince me that this girl is absolutely sincere in her utter disregard of social position, etc. I have a growing belief that if she loved me, the fact of my humble occupation would not weigh with her, if she had once made up her mind.

I am beginning to wonder what the outcome of the whole thing will be.

I wish I knew. And, Van, if there's the first spark of manhood or decency in you, write me a letter.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

The Wayside Inn, LYNN, MASS.

Dear Pop:

It was very good of you to send me another cable, and though you shocked me with the prodigality of your expense, I felt that the occasion was ample justification.

We ran down here from Boston this morning, stopping at a number of rather interesting places on the way down. Our route took us through a little place called Saugus, which ought to be very dear to Carnegie's heart, for here was established the first iron works in the country.

Passing the Lynn Marshes, made famous by the paintings of Harlow and others, we sped through Lynn itself, the great shoe city of New England and a town of Aladdin-like fortunes. Here also, Christian Science was born, Mrs. Eddy living in Broad street at the time of the inception of the cult. One of the main plants of the great General Electric Company is also here.

A great State Boulevard, skirting the shore, now connects Boston with all the North Shore towns. A noble thoroughfare it is, with its magnificent sea wall, cement walks, macadam roadway, green terraces, and shade trees. Opposite Lynn lies Nahant, where Longfellow lived when he wrote "The Bells of Lynn." Senator Lodge is about the last of the old families to retain his residence in this charming neck of land. A trolley line now goes over the state road connecting Nahant with the mainland, and soon the hills of Little Nahant will be cut up into small lots to provide for Lynn's ever increasing industrial army.

Professor Elihu Thomson, one of the founders of the great General Electric Co., is still living in Swampscott.

The story of the building up of this great industry is quite interesting. The General Electric Company is the combination of the Thomson-Houston Electric Company and the Edison General in 1892. Professors Elihu Thomson and Edwin J. Houston began work in the electrical field in Philadelphia before 1880. The former, in that year, went to New Britain where the infant industry which afterwards became the Thomson-Houston Company was established. In about three years from that time the industry was removed to Lynn, and under the management of Mr. Charles A. Coffin, who is now president of the company, it has grown to its present importance. Mr. Coffin at that time was in the shoe business. He was one of the original syndicate of Lynn gentlemen who became interested in the new enterprise at the time of the establishment of the electric industry in Lynn. His growing interest in this direction caused him in a short time to retire from the shoe business, and it can truthfully be said that to his enterprise, energy and perseverance, the corporation as it now exists is mainly due. In 1892, the Thomson-Houston Company, which had grown to be a very important manufacturing enterprise in Lynn, and whose products were sent everywhere, was united with the Edison General Electric Company, the works of which were in Schenectady, Mr. Coffin and many of the officers of the former company taking charge of the affairs.

The house of President Coffin is on Ocean street, and adjoins that of Mr. Tuttle, president of the Boston & Maine R. R., one of the most beautiful streets in America. Beyond Swampscott is old Marblehead, one of the most

picturesque towns on the map. It was from here and from Beverly, an adjoining town, that the sailors came who conducted Washington in safety across the Delaware in his remarkable retreat from Trenton.

It seems a shame not to go more into the history of Marblehead than I have done. The first Episcopal Church in America—St. Michael's-By-the-Sea—is here and in active use. The pulpit, reredos, hall and communion service, are the original ones that came from England, and the church boasts of some silver presented by Queen Anne. It had a stormy time during the Revolution. Its rector at that period was the one who later pronounced the banns between Martha Custis and George Washington.

A monument erected in honor of Captain Mumford and his men, who boarded the British man-of-war *Ranger* during the Revolution, and carried her a captive at the end of marlinspikes, is also a prominent feature in the town.

The queer crooked streets with no sidewalks are unlike anything else on the coast. An old dismantled pre-Revolutionary fort guards the entrance to a harbor famous the world over. The "Neck," as it is called, is given over to the summer colony.

One of the notable structures at Beverly Farms beyond Marblehead is that of the Swifts of Chicago. And thereby hangs a tale.

The original Swifts, (E. C. and G. F.) were Cape Codders and were engaged in the beef business. Some friends of theirs, J. B. Thomas of Peabody, John Sawyer of Peabody, and N. E. Hale of Boston, raised some capital for them to go West and engage in the cattle business

—the competition from that source having shown signs of threatening eastern supremacy.

So like the Bell Telephone, the great Copper Mines and the General Electric we also owe the great Packing Industry to our modest friends along the North Shore.

From about the Swift place clear up to Cape Ann the shore is lined with magnificent residences. It is specially favored by the foreign ambassadors at Washington who frequent Magnolia in large numbers. I cannot close, Popsy, without telling you something of the real natives who live a little back in the country—the ones who are directly the opposite of the migratory birds who line the shores in summer. Goggles gives an amusing account of the first letter ever written to his wife by a certain old gentleman in this neighborhood. Where he got it I don't know.

The couple had never been separated in all the years of their married life until "Pa," at the age of seventy, concluded to visit some relatives in Boston.

When he was preparing to start on his memorable trip his wife, who was to remain at home, said:

"Pa, you never writ me a letter in your life, an' I do hope when you git safely there you'll write me a line and let me know how you bore the journey. I'll buy a sheet of paper and give you a wafer, so you won't have no trouble about that."

Pa was absent a week, and, faithful to his promise, he sent a letter. It read thus:

"Respected Lady:

"I got here safe, and I am very well, and I hope you are the same. I shall be glad to git home, for the pride of the airth that I see here is enough to ruin the

nation. Gad! the women folks are too lazy to set up in their carriages. They loll back and look as if they was goin' to sleep, and I don't s'pose one of 'em could milk a cow or feed a pig.

"Nephew Abijah has a proper dairy of horses, an' I have rid all over Boston. There w'an't no need o' puttin' them boughten buttons on my coat, for nobody noticed 'em. I am,

"YOUR RESPECTED HUSBAND."

Well, that will be about all this time.

From your respected,

DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van Rensselaer.*]

Dear Van:

I have decided that you are unspeakable. I hope you will soon adorn that circle of society to which your eminent talents so justly entitle you. In future I shall endeavor to select my acquaintances elsewhere than from the ranks of the criminal classes.

We had quite an interesting walk on the beach today—Helen and I—I mean, Miss Winthrop. She was in one of her buoyant moods and gave free vent to her fancies. She was talking of the future in a general way.

"I believe I shall miss you somewhat," she remarked, with a look in her eyes that made me feel that it was about the last thing which would trouble her. "Yes, I really mean it," noting my look.

"You seem to have all the outward and visible signs of a well-bred person," she continued, "and your conversation at times is quite tolerable. Nor do you persist in wearing garments redolent of gasoline, as your kin generally do."

"Yes, mem," I murmured.

"Show your teeth, Bosco," she added, noting my rather doleful expression. "There, that's better. It's always better to laugh than to cry. Now, I have sometimes thought I would not be averse to a man constructed

Monroe Tavern, Lexington, Mass., where the "Minute Men" gathered to oppose the advance of the British, 1775

somewhat on your plan," looking at me critically, as if I were a new gown. "Why couldn't you have had sense enough to be better born?" she asked suddenly.

"That was hardly of my choosing," I ventured to remark.

"Never mind; you should have given your personal attention to such an important matter. Now it's too late. Too late," and she looked genuinely distressed.

The mood suited me, and I had no desire to divert the flow of her thoughts.

"I have one or two fairly famous ancestors," I commenced——

"Oh! Family trees! Fiddlesticks," she answered; "It's what a man is himself, that counts. I don't believe in pedigree."

"You may not," I answered, "but blood will tell. How about your father?"

"Self-made, every inch of him."

"How about Abraham Lincoln?" I asked. "We see that his ancestors in Hingham were certainly men of unusual prominence in the early days of the country. His was, to my mind, clearly a case of suspended animation. I can't help but think that the spirit of these old ancestors reappears, strengthened and reincarnated by the enforced idleness of the intervening non-productive years."

"You, I suppose, are trying to make out that you are the product of unproductive years?"

"I'm not dead yet. You are kind enough to say that I do the work at hand in a satisfactory manner. Perhaps more important tasks will yet fall to my lot."

She looked up rather inquiringly. "If you talk like that to pater, I am quite sure you will land a soft thing in

the Tobacco company. Meanwhile," she concluded, "let us change the subject. It's almost too bad I can't have you myself. Honest. You're a good sort, and the girl that gets you won't get a lemon, either."

I couldn't understand that last remark, Van, but from her manner I think it was kindly meant. But I'm not fruit, as she admitted.

It seemed all very delightful. She spoke with an air of half regretfulness, and I really begin to feel that under more favorable circumstances I would stand a fair chance. How to maintain my present attitude and still succeed is the question. I am at present the victim of her dear inconsistency. I wish I had grown up "in trade." But I didn't. Why don't I own one of these stores, with a fearful looking wooden Indian outside?

On the way home she again referred to the subject. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings," she remarked, "and you must pardon my seeming rudeness. I am sincere in wishing you well."

"Thank you, mem," I answered. "It is very nice of you. But I could comprehend you more clearly if you were more consistent—if you will pardon the liberty."

"How so?" with raised eyebrows.

"It's not for me to criticise," I said, "but a week ago you would have nothing of birth or breeding. Now you politely decline a heart and hand that was never offerred you, on the score of plebian origin."

She smiled.

"Now, what's a poor chauffeur going to do? I confess that the mere thought of marrying you is entrancing. If I had met you on your father's farm—you say his marvelous career is all within your own lifetime—we should in all probability have allowed matters to go to

their own delightful ending. As it is now, when this trip is over I'm going back to England."

"Going back?" with a shade of a tremor in her voice.

"I think so,—unless," I added, smiling, "something turns up definitely in your garage or the Tobacco business."

No response.

"You see that old spire over there?" I remarked presently, pointing in the direction of old Marblehead.

"Yes."

"Well, opposite that church is the inn where Lord Franklin met his future wife. She was washing the steps as he entered. In the end, as I told you, she married the nobleman and became the Lady Franklin. You can read all about it in your school books."

"Very pretty," she said. "Perhaps you can tell equally romantic tales of how Dottie Dimple married Lord Noodles, or how Floradora Footlights married the Earl of Emptyhead?"

"You may not believe it," I said, "but these same mesalliances, as you call them, are a good thing sometimes."

"Ever read Longfellow's 'Courtship of Miles Standish'?"

I reddened.

Nothing more was said for a few moments; then.

"It's a lovely day."

"It *has* been. It's now almost six."

Good night, Van. Wherever you are, may Heaven protect and defend you. You'll need all kinds of help when I find you.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

COLONIAL ARMS, GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Dear Pop:

This is merely a postscript to my last letter. Only it is so different in subject that I thought I wouldn't jumble it up with telephone, beef and electricity.

It has to do with a very beautiful and lovely service which is rendered every February in memory of the poor fishermen of the village who have lost their lives during the preceding winter in their hazardous occupation.

The courage and daring of the Gloucester fisherman is proverbial. But neither his skill nor his prowess avail him much when one of these terrible fogs descend on the Banks shutting out completely the whereabouts of the schooner from the men in the yawl. When a storm follows this calm, as it usually does, woe betide the luckless fisherman adrift on the bleakest coast in Christendom. With nothing to shield him from the fury of the elements and but a frail dory in which to make the contest, the combat is an unequal one. Small wonder it is then, that the death list at Gloucester is a long one, and that every storm leaves a broken heart at Cape Ann.

Norman's Woe, a particularly dangerous ledge, the scene of Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," lies just outside the harbor of Gloucester. All along the coast are others almost as bad. But the silent treachery of the fog on the Banks is the greatest danger of all.

And so once each year a Memorial Service is held in the town. The school children gather at a place on the shore and strew flowers on the waves in memory of the brave lads who will never again be seen in the quaint old

streets of the little village that welcomed them so eagerly on each return.

It is a very solemn occasion, but to my mind singularly sweet and sacred. It is one of the few things I shall always be pleased to remember.

I shall stop writing a few days in order that you may have a chance to catch up.

Your affectionate daughter,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

PROFILE HOUSE, FRANCONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Dear Popsy:

The nearer I get to New York the more I am pleased with the prospect of meeting you. I shall, of course, expect to meet—not a great Captain of Industry—but my own old, dear, sweet, popsadoodles.

No doubt the camera men will snap you as you cross the bridge, leaning, I hope, on the arm of the dear daughter to whom you wrote so many charming letters while in London. I hope the reporters won't forget that, at least.

It is, of course, beyond my powers of description to tell you of the many beauties of this wonderful region. For a full and unabridged account I must refer you to the inspired pages of the advertising literature sent upon request by all the hotels, railroads and steamship companies. I can truthfully say that even they, with all their self-interest, cannot say too much of the manifold beauties of this region. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Aside from the White Mountains this state, I think, has a stronger claim upon our affections as the originator

of an idea that should appeal to every community in our country—Old Home Week.

To the Honorable Frank W. Rollins, one time governor of this state, is due the inception of this splendid thought. He recognized the yearning that is in the hearts of all of us to visit, at least, once before we die, the scenes of our childhood. I have often heard you give voice to the same impulse, and I am sure it needs but some general expression of the same feeling to soon make you one of the band of devoted pilgrims who now, from every nook and corner of our country, come to visit their old New England homes.

I cannot think of anything that has interested me more than this Old Home Week. At Boscawen, the returning sons and daughters of the little village decided to mark the boyhood homes of those among them who achieved fame and glory in the great wide world beyond.

At the home of Johnny Dix, as the people remembered him, they erected a bronze tablet on the fine old house in which he was born.

BIRTHPLACE OF
GEN. JOHN A. DIX
BORN JULY 24, 1798.
"IF ANYBODY ATTEMPTS TO HAUL DOWN
THE AMERICAN FLAG, SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT!"

The same old mansion subsequently descended to business purposes. And among the first tenants was a young obscure lawyer of whom the country was to hear much of at a later period. So the next tablet reads:

ON THIS SITE A. D. 1805
STOOD THE FIRST LAW OFFICE OF
HON. DANIEL WEBSTER,
THE GREATEST INTERPRETER OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION,
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT ORATORS.
"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER
ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

Another tablet was erected to Wm. Pitt Fessenden, who succeeded the great Chase as secretary of the treasury in Lincoln's cabinet during the troublous days of the Civil War.

Similar interest in the recognition of old time neighbors who achieved greatness, has marked the gatherings of Old Home Week throughout all New England. For the movement has spread through every state, and year by year grows in interest and popularity. During the early summer almost every business house affixes to its correspondence a "sticker" calling attention to Old Home Week, which is now held in August.

They tell rather a good story on Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney-general of Massachusetts, who returned to Amherst in Old Home Week. He noticed that the home of an old neighbor of his, Horace Greeley, possessed no mark to indicate its historic interest.

Accordingly he had prepared and placed on the house a tablet inscribed:

"BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY."
FOUNDER OF THE
NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

While he was engaged in the task, an alien native passed, paused to read the inscription, and, turning to Mr. Pillsbury, remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sick'nin'. What do you suppose folks care whether you was born on this farm or some other farm? Them's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you fergit it."

The sentiments inspired by this annual reunion of old time neighbors is not only of the most elevating nature, but it seems to have its practical side as well.

More than one "Old Homer" who has prospered in

this world's goods has had stirred within him the desire to secure possession of his old boyhood home for a summer place. Many abandoned farms have thus been reclaimed, and many more have found tenants that would never have been attracted otherwise.

The program of exercises at these gatherings is as unique as it is interesting. The keynote seems to be local pride in the success of those who had achieved position in the outside world, on the one side, and love for the scenes and home of boyhood days, on the other. The speeches are for the most part impromptu and informal, and relate largely to reminiscences of the past. Some of the Committees arrange collections of historical interest pertaining to their individual towns. Others transform the town hall into a resemblance of the interior of an old farmhouse for the evening indoor exercises, lighting it with candles and lanterns and decorating it lavishly with the simple flowers of the neighborhood—asters, sunflowers, sweet peas, etc., etc.

I am quite certain, Popsy, that if next August finds you in this country it will also find you making this pilgrimage with me.

It's a grand good idea, Papa, and I can think of nothing that could improve the present arrangements. Strangers are beginning to become interested, and it is certainly a great novelty to those who have never seen the celebration.

The idea has spread even to those far away parts of our country like California, whose New England contingent cannot very well make the journey.

They gather together at some convenient location nearer their homes, and celebrate Old Home Week in company with their neighbors back on the old farm.

Birthplace of Horace Greeley; founder of the New York *Tribune* and author of "Go West, young man!" (New Hampshire)

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Altogether Governor Rollins probably never rendered his state a greater service than when he hit upon the idea of Old Home Week.

I am beginning to feel homesick myself. When shall I see you?

Your affectionate,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

HOTEL WENTWORTH,
NEWCASTLE, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Dearest:

There's no need to enlighten you as to the whereabouts of this particular spot on the map. I cheerfully admit that you keep in close touch with world events at any rate, even if smaller things fail to interest your gigantic intellect.

And so we are at the famous meeting place of the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries who are here trying to arrange a settlement of the present deplorable conflict.

Never before has a summer resort hostelry been so suddenly transformed from a state of semi-somnambulency into a position where not only the fierce white light that beats upon a throne descends upon it, but where a dozen fierce white lights are upon it, all at once.

The Tower of Babel is perhaps the only parallel for the numerous tongues that are spoken here. For once this dear old part of the country, which in its early days pre-

served unbroken for one hundred and fifty years the purity of its English, has had its traditions rudely shattered. French, Russian, Spanish, German, Japanese, Chinese, Dutch, Italian, Hungarian, Polish and every other nationality is represented in some sort of fashion. Famous correspondents, noted writers in every tongue, soldiers, sailors, statesmen and all the component parts that go to make up officialdom are here by scores. Camera men by the hundreds are everywhere. Special artists, special this, and special that, are thicker than bees around the hive. It is all very inspiring and wonderfully interesting.

Count Witte, the huge leader of the Russian forces, seems to be the one who attracts the most attention. Perhaps that is on account of his tremendous size. It makes him easily recognizable. But he is much esteemed for his great fame as a diplomatist.

The Baron Komuri, though undoubtedly a wonderfully able man, suffers much by physical contrast with his Russian opponent. Scraps of gossip reach us from time to time and create the most intense excitement.

One moment terms are agreed upon by common report and the work of President Roosevelt seems to be crowned with success. The next moment, a fatal objection has been encountered, the Russians have refused to discuss the matter further and the whole affair seems to be doomed to failure.

Sentiment among the guests seems to be not to concern itself so much with the terms of settlement as to a settlement of some kind of itself. So long as the affair is a success they don't care much one way or the other which wins the diplomatic victory.

Count Witte is reported this morning as having furi-

ously rejected the Japs demand for indemnity. All over the place one can hear his stubborn refusal, "Not a kopeck!" repeated by everyone. The situation at present looks very dubious. I cannot see how they can possibly agree from all accounts but they may after all. However, we cannot wait for the outcome.

This old town is wonderfully interesting of itself. I recall with lively interest that most delightful of all boys' books, "The Story of a Bad Boy." The home of the author, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Court street, is much sought after by visitors.

But perhaps the most interesting building in the whole region hereabouts is the historic mansion of Governor Benning Wentworth, about two miles out of town, built in 1750. It was from this house that the famous Stamp Act was issued which so enraged the Colonists that the Revolution ultimately broke out.

The Wentworths seem to have been notable people and this particular mansion, aside from its historical importance, was filled in its day with the most impressive furniture, carvings, paintings and decorations that could well be imagined. It originally contained fifty-two rooms but by the removal of a portion this number was reduced to forty-five.

The Wentworths being Royalist Governors, were of course expatriated during the war and their possessions confiscated. The summer home of the family at Little Harbor was the center of social and political activity in its day. A visit to the old place is still one of the delights of the visitor to Portsmouth.

The oldest dwelling in New Hampshire—the Weeks house, built in 1638, is also here—or at Greenland, not far distant. The Warner house, the Governor Langdon

house, the Ladd house, the Meserve house, all built in the early years of the eighteenth century, are still standing and in an excellent state of preservation.

But of all the old houses the one occupied by Allen, boatswain to Paul Jones, the first great captain of our Navy, seemed to interest me the most.

The grave of Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, hero of Mobile Bay and New Orleans, is also here.

Along the Piscataqua and across one of the bridges brings you to the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This is really Kittery Point.

On the left as you approach the Yard is an old mansion once the home of Sir William Pepperell, the Conqueror of Louisburg. This brilliant exploit, popsy, deserves a whole letter by itself. And I will tell it to you some day.

It was to the Portsmouth Navy Yard that Admiral Cervera and other officers and men captured at the battle of Santiago were taken. Oh! there's lots to see and hear about old Portsmouth if one were only interested as I fear you are not.

For a long time all that was left of that grand old ship "Old Ironsides" lay rotting her life away at the dock. She has since been transferred to Charlestown, there to continue the ignominious career commenced at Portsmouth. Every little while some agitation is set afoot looking toward a rehabilitation of this grand old ship but nothing is ever done. It's a shame and reproach to our government.

Now I really must stop. You will probably read in the papers long before this letter reaches you, all about the final settlement of the Peace Negotiations. But the other things in Portsmouth interested me more.

Your loving daughter, HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

At the present rate of progress I have but one more week of decency and respectability left. After that the deluge.

But what care you, safe 'neath sunny Southern skies, hugely enjoying no doubt my sorry plight, and twinkling a song of thankfulness that your own precious neck is in no similar danger of stretching.

Ask that lovely senorita to sing that over again for me, won't you please? It was delightful. Was there ever such charming music and have the stars ever shone so brightly before?

"Uxtree! Uxtree! Full account horrible murder in New York! Uxtree!! Uxtree!!!!!"

That concerns me, Van. The newsboys have been yelling it for the last half hour. The trail is getting warmer. This may be the last letter you will ever receive from me, Van. When you look upon my cold, upturned face, and remember that just one short message from you would have saved that young and beautiful life, I wonder if a spark of pity will reach that cold chilled drop-forged heart of yours? I doubt it.

And just when everything was going on nicely with Helen—Miss Winthrop, I mean.

A rather curious incident happened since I wrote you last. Aunt Fanny, Mr. Chubb and the others arranged to attend a hop at one of the summer hotels near here last night. At the appointed hour no Chubb, no Aunt Fanny. Instead, a telephone from somewhere up in the woods that tire troubles would detain them some time and for Miss Winthrop to proceed to the dance and await their arrival.

Then another 'phone from Aunt Fanny, this time saying she would have another attack of her old trouble unless she dined at her accustomed hour, and she would sup at the excellent hostelry whither they had stopped for repairs. More delay.

"Goggles," said Miss Winthrop, "You'll have to work overtime tonight, if you don't mind. I'll have to ask you to escort me over to the Wentworth, dine with me there, and await the conclusion of the hop. Aunt Fanny is detained but will join us later. No one knows us, so for tonight you may impersonate one of your famous ancestors—reincarnated,—while we dine."

I dropped the "Yes, mem," business this time, bowed low, and expressed the pleasure that I really and truly felt.

"For tonight then, I am say—Lord Arthur Hamilton, eldest son of the Earl of Lenox," I said, laughing at the curious application of my contention of a few days ago.

"Yes, my lord," she replied, with an elaborate curtsy, "for tonight." And nodding gayly she left the room.

On the way to my quarters, which I speedily changed, I selected the handsomest cluster of American beauties the house afforded—and sent them to her room "with the compliments of Hamilton."

Underneath the tonneau was my evening dress. It has come in so useful on many unexpected occasions that I am never without it. This time I could have kissed it from sheer gratitude.

It was the work of but a short time in my new quarters to get a good bath, shave, and clean up, generally. I was soon in the hall awaiting her appearance.

Van, I cannot describe the vision of loveliness that soon burst upon me—and with my roses leaning lightly

on her arms! I tell you, my boy, it was worth all the trouble I've gone to and more!

My heart sank as she swept past, with never a look of recognition! Had she after all, repented?

She took a seat at the table, but kept her eyes discreetly in another direction. I finally resolved to speak.

"Pardon me, Miss Winthrop," I said quietly; "but if you regretted your action of an hour ago I will dismiss Lord Hamilton and bring back 'Goggles.'"

For a moment she was speechless. Then putting out her hand in the most cordial manner possible, she said: "I did not expect the transformation to be quite so complete. Forgive me, my Lord"—this latter, a little bit sarcastically, I fear.

And so we went in to dinner.

If I am not hung, drawn and quartered within the next twenty-four hours—thanks to you—I shall write you the result of playing a Lord at a one-night stand in the old colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Yours in ecstasy,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

The cruel death, which you have so kindly meted out to me, is very inopportune at the present moment. It has likewise no further terrors for me. I dined last night with Miss Winthrop.

I think you had better postpone the execution. I am consumed with a feverish—nay burning—desire to live a little longer. A week will be better than nothing. Away with melancholy! Let joy be unconfined!

It was a night in a thousand years.

When we were comfortably seated I picked up the bill of fare. "Shall I order the dinner?" I asked.

A slight affirmative nod accompanied by an amused smile of incredulity.

I submitted the list of my selections, which met with her surprised approval.

"Amazing man," she remarked. "Where did you obtain such exquisite culinary taste?"

"Inherited," I said, to recall the rôle which each was playing.

"Have you heard lately from Her Grace the Countess?" by way of conversation.

"Yes; mother is now at Nice. She left the yacht at Cannes and motored up. Father expects to join her in Italy during the holiday recess."

"Is the House sitting yet?"

"Yes. They're having one of their usual nasty wrangles with the beastly Commons."

"I hope they'll abolish that stupid House of Lords."

"Why?"

"Because they've outlived their usefulness."

"What would you substitute—the 400?"

"Well, hardly."

"What then?"

"Oh! Nothing."

"They have that already, according to your idea."

"Honk! Honk!"

I smiled.

And so the talk ran on. I commented on the breathless interest with which the American people read the accounts of the bathing at Bailey's Beach, and how the whole country had been prostrated with grief upon learn-

Birthplace of President Pierce at Hillsboro, New Hampshire

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ing that Mrs. Montmorency-Cavendish-Jones had stepped upon a pebble and possibly sprained her ankle; the pictures of Mrs. Jones on horseback; Mrs. Jones's famous villa "Gluepoint;" the pebble on which she stepped, and the ankle which it was thought had been turned, together with other pictures of Mr. Jones, the Glue King, husband to Mrs. Jones, and the Jones's pet Pomeranian spaniel—all of which accompanied the article conveying the startling intelligence of her mishap.

There was silence for a few moments, during which she apparently tried to see what the back of my head looked like, judging from the steady searching gaze she bent upon me.

Her investigation was apparently satisfactory, for she smiled genially at its conclusion.

"Where did you learn to wear a dress suit?" she finally asked. "Is that inherited also?"

"No. I picked that up with other accomplishments at a lumber camp."

"What other accomplishments?"

"Oh! to smoke Bull Durham, Duke's Best, chew Star and otherwise contribute to the coffers of your worthy sire."

"Quite a liberal education."

"Yes. But I wish you could have said practical instead of liberal."

"He's coming home soon."

"Who?"

"Papa."

"I'm glad, if that means happiness for you."

"It does. He's the sweetest, dearest daddy that ever was. I wish he was here this very minute." And something very like a tear glistened in her eye.

"Candidly speaking, I can think of no improvement in the situation just as it stands."

"Thank you. But seriously, what of the future? I really mean to help you. I don't like the garage idea. What about something better—business?"

"In trade? Oh! horrors! None of my people have ever been in trade—I mean er—er. I don't know anything about business. I—I—like motoring best."

"I have personal reasons for wishing you to drop the motor business. I promise that you shall lose nothing by it."

This was said so quietly and so seriously that it took me by surprise.

"I wish nothing but that to which I am fairly entitled," I said. "I am only too pleased to leave my fate in your hands."

What might have developed at this juncture I do not know. Just then in walked Aunt Fanny, who had arrived much before her expected time. She said "fortunately." I didn't.

Much more remains to be written, but not tonight.

Another of these wretched "Drysdale Disappearance" extras has just been handed me, and I'd better spend the next few hours in preparing for a better world.

Unless you should suddenly have a change of heart and do the right thing. But you won't.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Van Rensselaer to Drysdale.*]

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

Dear Drysdale:

It's taken just about ten days to get your telegram and practically the cost of an Indian and a pony. I could have hired one for the rest of his natural life, pony included, for what the delivery charges cost me.

I meant to have answered your last letter, but the mails up in this neck of the woods are few and far between. I stayed with the Governor at Mexico City till the fever broke, and then, when everything seemed serene, I packed my burro and started for the three weeks' trip to the mines.

I'm doing fairly well at the new work, but I'm not letter perfect. Do you remember what Tommy said when he was asked how he was getting along at school?

"First rate," but "I ain't doing as well as some of the others boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being anywhere near the fence, and I guess I can after a while."

I guess I'm a little like Tommy. The things I've been sent here to learn, don't come so natural as the things I shouldn't bother about.

The hunting here, for instance, is great, and down the coast a little is some of the finest tuna fishing you ever saw. The swimming isn't so good on account of the sharks. But even a shark's better than being in love.

I honestly wish you'd ship that bale of calico which seems to have made such an impression upon you, and come down here for a while. There was a party of our kind passed through the trail yesterday bound further

south. One of the young ladies was rather attractive. They stopped here for lunch, and I was rather lonesome after she had gone. Her name, I think, is Edith.

I rather like that name—Edith. Don't you think it sounds rather pretty?

Write me soon as you can.

Yours,

VAN.

P. S.—Edith promised to stop here on her way back.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

MAGNOLIA, MASS.

Daddy Dear:

We "did" a lot of little towns "back country way," and it was surprising the number of things we saw that excited both our interest and our risibility.

Everywhere we stopped I made it a point to get one of the local papers. You have always manifested such an interest in that little sheet that comes from your own old home, that I thought you would like to know how some of your old time neighbors were getting on. In the midst of the exciting scenes of your present Napoleonic career, I trust it will, at least, have the effect of keeping a sense of your own importance within reasonable bounds. I'll admit, dear, that you never have yet shown symptoms of cerebral tumefaction, but after hobnobbing with all these Dukes and Lords you've been telling about, I feel the need of every precautionary measure I can suggest. And the realization of the present simple life of your old-time friends can do you no harm.

Read, ponder, and inwardly digest!

"Mr. G. A. Gazzam forgot to wind his watch night before last.

Pietro Vermicelli has relinquished his connection with the track-repairing gang on the East and West Railroad.

Colonel Sabertash had his boots half-soled and heeled yesterday. The colonel has long been noted for his *recherché* footwear.

Mrs. Limberchin writes to inform us that her kitchen teakettle boiled over one day this week, and caused quite a slop on the floor.

We are gratified to hear that Mrs. Blackamoor Pugg has sent her pet dog into the country. The Puggs will remain in town.

The Homespuns had their Aunt Keziah at supper Wednesday evening. The old lady looks much improved in her new celluloid teeth.

Mrs. Brown, of Suite No. 12, Hotel Discomfort, has engaged a new maid-of-all-work. The young person answers to the name of Bridget, and is unusually affluent in cousins.

Mrs. Captain A. B. Cutter's girl broke another dish yesterday. Mrs. Captain Cutter declares it is shameful. All of Mrs. Captain Cutter's many friends will sympathize with that estimable lady in this the hour of her affliction.

Among those who missed the 6.25 train to Suburbantown last evening were Mrs. Slowbody, Henry and Thomas Smith, General McGout, the Misses Shopperly and maid, Charles Montgomery Begg, Terrence McFlaherty, Doctor Longlance, Ah Sin Finn, Mrs. Mulvey, John Smith and the two Doglington boys."

Au revoir,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

POLAND SPRING HOUSE, SOUTH POLAND, ME.

Dear Van:

I am still living in the realms of bliss and enchantment. It is a very decided shock in my present soulful state of mind to even remember that such a person as you exists. Nothing but the knowledge that you are certain to spoil

all my plans if you don't show up soon makes it possible to consider you at all. And if that happens, Van——

I never enjoyed Helen's talk more than I did last night. The old farm seemed very close to her heart all the evening, and her father's name was on her lips most of the time. I am afraid she was a little bit homesick. I think I have heard some interesting stories in my day Van, but the story of her father's career is without doubt the most remarkable tale I ever heard. It makes the "Arabian Nights" seem dull as a market report by comparison.

If Helen could only be induced to put it in book form it would make all the present "best sellers" scratch for a living. I suppose one would miss the personal touch in the book, for Helen showed plainly her intense admiration for the chief actors in the drama.

Another figure besides her father looms large in the recital—a dear, old, grandad, whom both Helen and her father loved with an almost idolatrous affection.

The first scene is laid in the cabin home of a tobacco planter in the Old Dominion. The great Civil War is at last ended, and among the beaten and discouraged Johnnies who made their way back home as best they could from Appomattox—was this grandad who had been a soldier in the Army of Virginia.

It wasn't much of a home to which he returned. Armies had marched and countermarched over the old farm, and desolation marked their path. But the Boy was there.

Owing to the almost providential fact that a Northern man, in some way or other, had contrived to occupy the house during hostilities, a few pounds of tobacco stored in the cellar were miraculously preserved. An old mule,

considered too worthless for confiscation by the contending armies, also proved a valuable asset.

Thus equipped, the Man and the Boy set out for the Norfolk market, where the tobacco was disposed of. The proceeds, though small, were promptly invested in hams and bacon, which was also disposed of on the return trip. The net result of the venture provided means for the planting of another crop—and the present corporation is the subsequent development.

Of course, Van, you'll say that I'm drawing a long bow, and that Helen has been using her wonderful powers of imagination to amuse herself at my expense. Nevertheless, every word that Helen told me is true. Down on her father's magnificent country estate, near Norfolk, the old original barn in which the two commenced the manufacture of tobacco, is now standing. It was transplanted bodily, plank by plank. I have seen a photo of it myself, and when Helen says it probably cost about fifty or sixty dollars, I could see myself that it could be duplicated today for about that amount. Helen tells me, Van, that her dear old grandad preserved his original characteristics to the last. He never grew "stuck up" over the family success, or the big noise his boy made in the world.

When he came to town, which he did occasionally, he wore the wide brimmed slouch hat of the Southern planter, and a black broadcloth suit. The inevitable "quid" of tobacco was always present, and seemed to afford the old gentleman endless enjoyment.

These visits were red-letter days to Helen's father. It was his special delight to lead the old gentleman into some meeting or other, where were gathered all the great financiers and famous men of the country, and say with

a ring of pride in his voice, which no one could mistake, "Gentlemen—my father."

There was never any business on hand quite so important as seeing that every kindness and courtesy was shown the old gentleman. He might be planning one of his biggest coups, Helen tells me, but if the old father came to town everything else was set aside. No hired man was delegated to wait upon him. It was the son himself who did that job. He, and he alone, was competent to assist the old gentleman up and down the steps to the office. And if Rockefeller, or Morgan, or Carnegie, or the whole bunch together, wanted to see him just then, they had to wait till that particular job was finished, no matter what the consequences.

One night in particular Helen said, there was a great gathering up at the house. One of the legal department had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, or a big deal had been successfully engineered—I forget which. Anyhow, the seats around the table were filled with the mighty.

It got along to coffee and cigars, and personal recollections began to circulate. Van, this is certainly a most wonderful country. Of all the celebrities present that night, Mr. Morgan was the only one who never knew poverty. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ryan, Hill, Fuller, Choate, and a dozen others were telling incidents of their early struggles when they hadn't the price of a postage stamp.

Suddenly the old gentleman turned to the company and said: "Did I ever tell you how Bob once helped a hen to raise a family of ducks?"

Instantly all eyes were turned in his direction, and quiet reigned in the room.

"Bob was about ten years old," began the old gentle-

Interior of home of President Franklin Pierce, Hillsboro, New Hampshire. Note the old Colonial wall paper now coming into vogue again

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man, "when he got an idea there was money in ducks. He pestered us all to death with no end of questions about the time to hatch, the time to kill, what they were worth, how to raise them, etc. In the end he got a setting of eggs and put them under an old hen.

"It seemed as if he simply couldn't wait 'till those eggs hatched. He kept tabs on the days, and spent most of his time peeking at the eggs under the hen on the nest. We couldn't get any work out of him, at all. Those ducks simply had possession of him, body and soul. He ate, slept, talked and dreamed of nothing but ducks.

"He couldn't even wait 'till Nature took its course. Within a day or so of the hatching, he was alongside the old hen to see if there was anything doing. He took out one egg and chipped a little hole in it to see if there was anything inside.

"To his great delight there was a little duckling, all right. Replacing the egg he left the nest alone for a while. But not for long. He returned soon, as if he had another thought, took out the same egg and poked the hole a little larger.

"In the morning he was at the nest by daybreak and he pulled out the same old egg. This time he chipped all the shell away from the egg and put the live duckling under the hen in its place.

"The next day he approached the nest a little bit fearful lest the results of his impatience might have proved bad for the duck. When he found the little bird very much alive, he promptly proceeded to take each egg out of the nest, break the shell off, and replace the little duck where the egg had been!"

When the shouts of laughter which greeted this tale had subsided, the old gentleman was mightily pleased.

"That's been him all through life," he concluded. "He's willing to assist even Nature if things don't come quick enough to suit him."

Of course, I can't repeat as Helen did, the quaint and soft Southern drawl which added so much charm to the telling of the old gentleman's story, nor can you see him peeking under a napkin as if it were a nest.

To me, Van, not the least interesting part of it is the amazing difference in the place of the story itself, and the scene in which it was retold. It is certainly a wonderful country where such things happen.

God, in his infinite mercy, vouchafed the father many years in which to enjoy and rejoice in the Napoleonic career of the son. And, of all the lavish gifts which fortune showered upon the son, this was esteemed the greatest.

He died only recently, and there is a college endowed to his memory somewhere in the Carolinas. Numberless schools and churches throughout the South have been benefited by the family's millions.

Altogether, Van, I begin to feel as if my patent of nobility isn't so much of a thing after all. It actually begins to seem quite dusty and moth-eaten when you compare it with what I know of another kind.

Well, I hope you will write me soon. I shall look for some news tomorrow. Yours,

DRYSDALE.

P. S.—The subject of going into the Company also came up incidentally. I again pleaded my ignorance. Helen said I ought to try my luck anyhow.

"You know there's a good deal of luck in business—especially the tobacco business," she added.

"Take the case of one of our best brands. It's popularity all arose as a direct result of the war."

"How's that?"

"Please don't interrupt. The tobacco was then being manufactured in a small way. When the Boys in Blue passed that way they helped themselves to it as they foraged around, and the Boys in Gray did the same. It was a good tobacco, and after the war was over a good many men retained a very vivid recollection of a most pleasing smoke they had enjoyed at that particular place. So they commenced writing the station agent and the postmaster asking them if they could not get some more of that smoking tobacco 'with the bull on it.'

"Of course they could. Papa's men never yet knew a time when they couldn't supply a demand for their goods. And so the trade grew and grew and grew, till the 'Bull' is now one of the big assets of the company and the young man who developed this brand has a front seat in the King Row.

"What's the 'King Row?'"

"Oh! Never mind."

"You ought to be in the advertising business."

"You ought to be in *some* business; even that, if nothing else."

[*Letter from Helen's Father in London.*]

CLARIDGES, LONDON.

My Dear Helen:

You needn't thank me so profusely for my "brilliant flashes of silence" during this trip. I'm not much on the talk, as you know, but I enjoy—really I do—your letters very much.

But if you keep up this New England patriotic business much longer, I believe I will turn loose some of my advertising men down there, as you suggest.

But it won't be to boom their Altars of Liberty, their sacred fires, or their Old Homesteads. It will be just to remind them that the Old Dominion wasn't so slow in the days of '76.

I honestly believe a good campaign of paint and posting on that subject would do New England good. I would remind them that the Commander-in-chief of all the American forces was a Southerner, and that the Declaration of Independence was written by another Southerner.

I wouldn't mind also calling their attention to another half-forgotten fact. That my own state was the first of all the states to adopt and ratify a Declaration of Independence. Have you forgotten all about the Mecklenberg Declaration? And that Patrick Henry's great Give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death speech was a corker and of the utmost value in cementing all the colonies together and finally binding them into a Union?

Yes, I can see great possibilities in a campaign of this sort. We could offset Lexington where the first battle was fought, with Yorktown, the last. With the first blood shed in the North we could point to the death of Captain Wilmot in the South, as the last. I think we need have no fear of the contrast. And I believe I would be justified in giving preferred locations to the work of the Tarheel boys from North Carolina. If you will take the trouble to look back you will find that after five years of constant fighting the American cause was nowhere near success and things financially were in desperate straits. Everything seemed to have gone to the bad.

And then you will find that a great victory was gained

in the South—not by the regular army, but by just the ordinary country boys of North Carolina, which changed the aspect of the whole situation.

Look it up. It will do you good. They whipped over eleven hundred British regulars at Kings Mountain, all to pieces. All who weren't killed were captured.

This made everybody feel so good that a new army was raised for the South, which did such splendid work that everybody grew enthusiastic again.

Cornwallis became so furious over the repeated successes of Greene, Morgan, Lee and the others, that he sent his best battalion under the renowned Tarleton, to crush them without further delay.

Tarleton was simply eaten up at Cowpens, and Cornwallis took the field himself. He was trapped and beaten so many times that he was virtually a defeated man and a prisoner in Yorktown when Washington reached the scene with his Northern troops.

So if New England started the war, the South brought it to an end. And when you're handing out any special remarks on this subject just please don't forget to put my "Tarheel" boys—whose brilliant work started the beginning of the end—at top of column next to pure reading.

There, that's quite a patriotic outburst for me. But I mean it, just the same!

I notice you make quite a good deal of mention of your chauffeur—Goggles, I mean. Judging from what you say, I should think possibly we could find a place for him somewhere. I will keep him in mind. And *you* keep yourself in hand.

Write me as often as you can, honey lamb, for I am much cheered by your letters, and grow daily more im-

patient to see you, as the time for my departure grows nearer. I shall cable you the moment arrangements to this effect are completed.

With much love, believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate,

FATHER.

P. S.—Almost forgot to mention, that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, bringing it from my own state—ought to get out a special poster on that.

Don't you remember that one of his servants, seeing him smoke for the first time, thought he was afire and threw a pail of water over him?

We ought to do something for that man's memory. Think I'll name a new brand after him or have a statue erected in the town of Raleigh.

The Englishmen built up quite a nice business in this line—but it really belonged to a gentleman in North Carolina—so I'm bringing it back with me.

You ought to take a run down to Jamestown with me. There's a real *old* settlement for you—if that's what you're looking for. J. W.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear, Dear Dad:

I have wanted a letter from you, Oh! ever so much more than usual, this week. You seem so far away at present. Not that you haven't been further, for that matter, or that your absence hasn't been unduly prolonged before.

But don't you ever have a few minutes, at times, that

somehow or other, without knowing why, you would like to see me for just a little while?

Well, that's the mood I've been in. I wish a certain mighty personage in the industrial world would find it imperative to return at once to New York.

I think I have mentioned once or twice the name of Goggles in these letters, have I not? It isn't a very pretty name, is it? But I like it lots better than Clarence, or Sanford, or Merton—don't you?

Well, Goggles is getting, I fear, on my—nerves. Yes, that's it, nerves. I believe I have already imparted the momentous information that the aforesaid Goggles is not at all an unpleasant person in speech or manner. In fact, I might go further and say that he is quite interesting at times, or to be more specifically exact—I have found him so to be.

Oh, dear! I wish you had stayed on your old farm. Why did you make all this money? What good is it?

I wish you could meet Mr. Goggles. I'll admit that he is poor, but that's his only fault. But no amount of money could make him more of a gentleman, in the best sense of the word.

You know I've known him for a long, long time—almost six months. And of late his professional duties have made it so that we are together pretty constantly.

And I wish you'd hurry home. I want to snuggle up in your lap and feel your big arms around me.

Steady there; s-t-e-a-d-y!

We shall do some hunting and fishing up in the Rangely region next week. We ought soon to be starting home. When will you leave London?

Well, we took a little run on the Boston & Maine up the North Shore today. Goggles said he had some

friends up at Magnolia—just fancy—and asked for a day off. Aunty and I went along in the same train, and would you believe me, Goggles had the impudence to walk right up into one of the Embassy houses. I forget which—a lot of them summer up here—and unless I'm awfully mistaken, the owner himself came half running down the road to meet him, so glad was he apparently to see him.

At first I thought it was a real social call, but Aunt says he was probably trying to sell him a new motor car; and these people who want motors make a time over almost anyone whom they think can help them to get one quickly.

I didn't find the day so interesting, yet I don't know why; although I was much amused at a story I heard about the railroad itself which, by the way, was one of the earliest to be built in this country.

Some years ago, when it was still a novelty, a wagon load of country people came to look at the new engine and a train of cars. None of them had ever seen such a sight, with the exception of one old and loquacious man. He had not only seen an "injine" before, but had "rid behind one."

He was naturally the great man of the hour, and perhaps, was to be pardoned for putting on some rather comical airs of self-importance.

With his friends following close at his heels, he walked all around the engine, enlightening them in regard to its workings and the value of steam in general.

"Now this is the steam chist, and this is the cowketcher, and these are the drive wheels," he said, touching everything he named with the end of a queer old

"Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here——"

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cane of twisted wood, until an old lady, evidently his wife, said:

"Don't tech things, pa, don't. There's no telling what harm you might do."

The old gentleman paid no heed to this admonition, but went on touching the various parts of the engine.

"This is the driving shaft, and this, of course, is the b'iler, and this——"

At that moment the engineer, in a spirit of mischief, blew the whistle with a loud, unearthly screech, which caused the examining party to fly precipitately, with shrieks of affright.

Shaking her finger reprovingly at her husband, the old lady said, in a tone of dismay:

"There, now, pa! I *told* you you'd do some mischief with that meddlin' cane. I s'spect we'll have it to pay for. Somethin's bu'st sure. I ain't goin' nigh the thing again!"

Well, the old Boston & Maine is now one of the great roads of America, and runs all kinds of luxurious trains away up north to the Maine woods, to Bar Harbor and Canada, almost solely for the benefit of vacation parties.

It takes in dozens of popular seacoast resorts between Boston and Portland, like Kennebunkport, York Beach and Old Orchard. It stands at the entrance to the "Play Ground of America" as it has been aptly called. Which is a good name for this altogether charming and romantic region of Mountain, River, Lake and Shore.

Do you suppose I could get a position anywhere as a writer for guide books?

Your affectionate daughter,

HELEN.

P. S.—Aunt Fanny was detained by an accident last

night and left me in rather an awkward position. I shall tell you about it in my next. I had to have some one dine with me, so I commandeered—Mr. Goggles!

[*Letter from Van to Drysdale.*]

Dear Drysdale:

It's rather funny (?) to read your letters. Two of them reached me yesterday. Incidentally, the mail carriers were ambushed. One man was killed and two horribly wounded. But that's regular, nowadays. It's worth it, to get a letter from you.

Yes. I do nothing at all except sit on the sunny side of a wide veranda listening to the dulcet strains of the mandolin and the liquid tones of the Southern sirens. Likewise the castanets and the hammock which play such an important part in your vivid imagination.

Last night we were serenaded. Urgent invitations were extended to come out into the moonlight and join our ardent admirers. Those who responded were hailed with enthusiasm and Mauser bullets.

When too long denied a sight of their loved ones, the fiery Southern heart is apt to become a trifle impetuous, and this somewhat exuberant exhibition of feeling on their part ought not to be too harshly construed.

Nevertheless this *dolce far niente* existence is altogether too monotonous for me. I long for the fleshpots of Egypt and an aisle seat in the orchestra, somewhere along the Great White Way.

I view with alarm, as the statesmen say, the imminent possibility of your ignominous death on the gallows. Heaven forbid! Of course, we both know that if you

got your just deserts, hanging, in your case, would only be a lovely death. But this is a queer world, and the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. So you may escape with this light penalty after all.

And so you chide me, gentle creature, for not coming to your rescue? Fain would I fly to thee, dearest, were it not for my popularity here. The natives would die rather than see me leave. You wouldn't have a lot of poor innocent savages bite the dirt, just for the sake of saving your worthless neck, would you?

Send along a gunboat. Send two. I don't care how many. I am resigned to seeing you live, provided I only get out of here.

Cable London. They've got some boats somewhere along the coast, and I heard that Atterbury's yacht is somewhere on the Gulf looking for rubber. Get in touch with him.

I've got to get out the back door. The front is hopelessly closed.

As ever,

VAN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

I slept the sleep of the just last night. Aunt Fanny raised her lorgnette at me—only to let it fall with a crash when its lenses revealed the fact that the dashing, handsome, debonair young man upon whom she gazed was none other than Goggles—poor plain gasoline Goggles.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I'd never have known you; why you look like a perfect gentleman."

"Thanks, awfully," I drawled. "It is a bit of a strain on me. But it's only for one night."

"What does this mean, Helen?" rather testily.

"Nothing, aunty. Rehearsing amateur theatricals, that's all. He's Lord Hamilton tonight and I'm the Lady Cornstarch. Don't you think he takes the part well —almost to the manner born?"

"How long have you been rehearsing the part, young man?"

That was a puzzle. I looked at Miss Winthrop but there was nothing in her eyes but laughter.

"Many generations,"—bowing gravely to both the ladies.

"Here comes Chubb," broke in Miss Winthrop, —"permit me to present my friend, Lord Hamilton"— and Percy stretched out a great big Westphalian ham which did duty with him, for a hand. Then his eyes met mine. His hand dropped like stock that has passed a dividend.

"Jove, what a fine butler you'd make!" he remarked. Miss Winthrop was plainly annoyed.

"Yes," I said. "Suppose we try. Have a cigarette, sir;" and I passed him my case.

He helped himself but lingered over the case itself.

"You're letter perfect in your rôle," he finally remarked, "even to the property. This is a solid gold chased cigarette case with a real baronet's coat-of-arms in the centre."

"I'd like to make you a bet," he added suddenly.

"What is it?" I said unthinkingly.

"I'll bet your watch has the same engraving as the cigarette case."

"Time was made for slaves," I answered haughtily. "A sundial to mark only the shining hours is enough for me. I cannot take you up."

Whew! But I was frightened. Not only did my watch have them on, but my sleeve-links as well! It was a bad fright.

Happily it was soon over. We went to the "hop," they called it. And I danced with Helen!

Chubb stopped me on my way to my rooms.

"Have you read tonight's papers?"

"No."

"There's something in it about a missing young Englishman belonging to a titled family."

"Yes?"

"I thought you might be interested."

"Why?"

"Your cigarette case is marked with his initials."

"So are my sleeve-links," I replied nonchalantly. "Like to see them?"

"Oh, no. Only I'd get that dress suit outfit back to the man from whom you hired them as soon as possible. You might have a hard time to explain things if the police nabbed you."

"Thanks. I see the point. Good night."

"Good night."

You, my dear friend, care nothing for my predicament. Oh! Why do I waste time on such an utterly base person as you?

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Knight of the Golden Fleece:

The "office" this morning sends me another check from which I infer that your conscience is troubling you. In this land of steady habits, one of your checks goes a long way. What shall I do with the veritable snow storm that has descended upon me, in lieu of a few scratches from your own dear old pen?

Shall I paste them on my hand bag or paper the room with them?

We had rather a good joke on Goggles this afternoon. We lunched at a small inn—the Wolf's Tavern, I think it was called—at Newburyport, and two old cronies were at an adjoining table. They were very intimate friends, I judge, for one of them ventured to say to the other: "Why don't you wear a wig?"

"I'd rather dye," was the answer, and though the pun was an old one it happened to be new to Goggles, and greatly amused him—not so much however, that he did not speedily forget the point.

That night, on returning home, he said to Chubb, "I heard an awfully good thing this afternoon. One old gentleman asked another why he didn't wear a wig, and the other said he'd rather commit suicide than do such a thing."

Mr. Chubb didn't laugh and poor Goggles thinks the Americans have only a sense of humor "in spots," as he expressed it.

We have met some very nice people on our travels, and some of the children are certainly very attractive. One dear little three-year-old in particular, whose acquaintance I have managed to scrape up, confided in me

going up stairs tonight, that she had been to a party that afternoon. "And," she added, with a trace of indignation in her voice (I thought), "at the party a little girl fell through a chair to the floor. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't."

"Well," I asked, "why didn't you laugh?"

"'Cause I was the one that fell through."

And so, Popsy, No. 10 is still very much enjoying herself, and not at all hurt by your unspeakable, brutal, shameful, horrible silence.

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

I am simply overwhelmed with joy at the cheering news which your letter imparts. In case of emergency, a telegram will reach you in the incredible speed of about six weeks if everything goes right and no revolts or tribal wars break out in the meantime. In which event it is safe to conclude that you could never be reached at all—at least in time to do any good.

How pleasant!

I tell you, Van, this thing is wearing on me. I have kept the car for the most part of the time in the backwoods—as far from the *Daily Orb* as possible. But the chase is getting hot, Van, and I can't tell you just what may happen any minute.

But, hang it all! I forget the whole wretched business with her. The moment she takes a seat beside me, as she frequently does, I do not seem to care what happens. Judging from all I hear, you do not hang murderers—ugh!—in this country with the speed with which they

do in the old, so, perhaps, I am needlessly alarmed. It's a positively charming thought, however, isn't it?

Anwhow, if I get out of this scrape alive the future has no terrors for me. Miss Winthrop has told me positively that if I can get a letter of recommendation from my last employer she will see that I am taken care of after the season is over. I am to have a place of some sort either in the Tobacco Company or in the private garage of the aforesaid company's president. So, every prospect pleases.

I very nearly made a fatal error last night when she spoke about references. I almost blurted out your name as my last employer.

"Van Rensselaer, did you say? Did you know him? Why, he's the man who's missing. Why—why—why—" and then she stopped.

"Pardon me," I said hurriedly, "but you interrupted me. I was going to say that a Mr. Van Rensselaer had a chauffeur who knew me in England."

She heaved a sigh of relief, it seemed to me. At any rate, her face cleared. "That's a very serious case," she added, solemnly. I am beginning to be worried about the outcome.

"By the way," she said just before leaving, "You must have worked for a lot of people. Have you ever met this other man—Drysdale—Lord Drysdale, I believe they call him?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I know him."

"Have you ever worked for him?"

"Some. Not very much."

"What sort of a man is he to work for?"

"Oh, fairish. Plays a good game of golf, shoots well, knows his motor from nut to cylinder——"

The Old Manse at Concord, Mass. Residence of Emerson's Grandfather, "the Fighting Parson," and where Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an old Manse"

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"I'm not asking what he can do. I asked what sort of a man he is to work for."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I should say he was a goodish sort to work for."

"I'm glad to know that."

And then she left. I felt as if I'd like to kiss her hand, but I didn't dare.

But it was just like her. All through this trip it has been the same—thoughtfulness for everyone—churlishness for none. I have made no mistake, Van, and if nothing untoward happens I think everything will turn out well.

She asked me to take a walk along the shore yesterday afternoon and I did. We talked on many things, and in her blunt way she said: "What a pity that you are only a chauffeur!" For goodness' sake, Van, get out of the woods as soon as you can.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Old Daddy:

There was a horrible caricature of you in last Sunday's papers. It was almost sacreligious to me, but I suppose you will only find it a cause for ribald merriment.

It was a reproduction from a London weekly of a "sketch from life" under the mellowing caption of "The Private Life of Great Men—The Head of the Great Tobacco Trust Writing a Loving Letter to His Darling Daughter in America."

I could almost hear the scrape of your pen, Daddy,

and I wanted to throw my arms around your neck even though the face was the face of another. Why *won't* you have a portrait taken!

Well, it seemed so good to even have you think enough of me to put that title underneath that I forgive you. Besides, it was quite clever—for you.

We have been doing the truly rural up here in Maine, and some of the doings of the natives are highly amusing. You must remember we are Way Down East; about where old Jed Prouty lived, I should imagine, and where cowhide boots and poke bonnets are *de riguer*. Along the seacoast the fisher folk are also delightfully unsophisticated.

Owing to their lack of dental facilities these folk are apt to be negligent in the care of their teeth, and the natural result is that they lose them while still young. It is said to be one of the recognized preparations for marriage in some of the fishing villages for the bride elect to be provided with a set of artificial teeth.

Not only in New England, but in other places as well, young people who are contemplating matrimony, do not always hasten to inform their parents of their plans. But the old folks everywhere learn to "put this and that together."

Not long ago a lady who has a cottage on the Maine coast said to a "native" to whom she had given more or less employment:

"When is your son Charles to be married? He has been engaged to Jessie for two or three years, hasn't he?"

"Yes," the mother replied, "they've been engaged now for goin' on four year; an' I kind o' suspect that there's somethin' goin' on. I don't know as they's goin' to be

married, but Jess's had all her teeth out, so I shouldn't wonder a bit if they was."

It doesn't seem to make much difference in this great land of ours; there is always something of interest wherever you go.

But if there was a spot anywhere, from Maine to California, where I would be sure of receiving that letter a certain great Captain of Industry wrote to his Loving Daughter in America, I believe I would start for it this minute. I'm really homesick tonight. Goggles has been away all day.

Yours,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Doodles:

This morning while waiting for the train to connect with Poland Springs a rather curious thing happened. As it relates to business I know you will be interested.

Three gentlemen stood chatting together, and one chanced to notice two-thirds of a cigarette, one of your delectable brands, lying at their feet.

"Ah," said he, "the lady with whom he had an appointment came sooner than he expected. He would never have lighted it, *if* he had known."

(Of course not; who would willingly waste one of your Peerless Productions?)

"No," said the second, "that isn't it. He was only a beginner, and he couldn't stand any more of it."

(Envy. Or Base Ingratitude. Or Both.)

"I think you are both wrong," put in the other. "He

dropped it by accident, and was too proud to pick it up."

Each one of the three was sure that his conjecture was correct, and they urged their respective views with some heat and animation. At a short distance from them stood two boys, one of whom had been intently watching the group.

"Bill," said he to his friend, "look at them three gents, fightin' over a bit of a cigarette. The big un found it fust, but the others were on him afore he could grab it."

Goggles rejoined us today, and it put life in the whole party to have him with us once again. Everyone missed him sadly during his enforced absence. He brought a mysterious looking suit case, and when I laughingly chaffed him about needing his full dress when in such distinguished company, he took it quite seriously and apologized for having neglected the precaution before.

Fancy a chauffeur in a dress suit! He would look like a cigar store Indian in a coat of mail. What would he do with his hands? It isn't every one can wear them with any degree of comfort, is it, Popsy?

I'm half sorry he affected that attire. I'm afraid I've made too much of him.

Yet, I don't know. I've never seen a man who seemed more naturally built for one. But practice is necessary for the proper wearing of it.

I thought, and thought, I might get a letter from you here, but of course, I knew better. All our mail was ordered to the Poland Spring House some days ago.

Good night, Popsy, I'm sleepy.

Yours,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her father*]

PORTLAND, MAINE,
September 4th, 19——

My Darling Dad:

I do feel ashamed to think that I haven't sent you anything for a week but those souvenir post cards! You said in your last letter that you were longing to see me, and that made me homesick.

Don't I want to see you, you dear old thing! How I wish that I could transport you, from smoky old London to "the Gem of Casco Bay"—that, my dear, is Portland.

I was so glad that we came by boat because the harbor is superb. Miss Nickerson called me about four A. M. Island after island, sticking their darling heads out of the water like fairies!

I tried to imagine that I was Captain John Smith, the first white man or rather woman to see it, but this wasn't easy.

I'm not going to stop to describe the city—I didn't care much for the "residential portion," but I do love the dear old elms that line the streets. Today I went to see the home of your favorite and—I am afraid—your only poet, Longfellow. It is a shame not to like poetry any better than you do!

We have so many pictures at home of the house, that I won't stop to describe the outside. It is a red brick, and three stories high, but the houses on either side are so much taller that it reminds one of a poor little maiden-lady wedged in a crowd of rough men and peering out at one with frightened eyes.

There wasn't a bit of grass in the front yard, but as

soon as we were inside the hall we caught a delicious glimpse of the lovely old garden at the back—tall elms and fresh green vines. I could just imagine charming Mrs. Longfellow coming in from that garden with golden daffies in her hand, and perhaps going upstairs to put a few on her husband's desk. Thinking this, made me want to run right away to look at the desk, and I did.

There is a register on the desk, and a quill (once belonging to the poet's father) for visitors to write their names, but somehow I didn't feel like writing mine; I just wanted to touch the dull old mahogany with my fingers and, like magic, this prosy old world seemed to disappear. I could see the poet leaning his elbows on the desk, looking out through the rain-splashed windows upon the old garden; the desk must have been piled with books then, and there were sheets of paper lying loosely, and a dear, little blotting pad! My eyes suddenly got quite dim, and I ran downstairs to find the others. I found them in the kitchen. The house was built in 1785 by General Peleg Wadsworth, Longfellow's grandfather, and the Wadsworth family lived here before the Longfellows took possession.

Think of all the little Wadsworths and Longfellows who have romped in this big kitchen; how many little people have roasted apples and chestnuts in the brick fireplace, and watched with awe the preparations for Thanksgiving dinner!

General Wadsworth, grandfather of Longfellow, had a romantic career. He was one of the first to organize a company in the Revolution. He rendered important service in Boston at Roxbury and Dorchester Heights.

After Washington's departure he became aide-de-camp to General Ward.

While in command of the land forces in Maine he was surprised in an old farmhouse at Thomaston, across the river from the residence of another noted soldier of the Revolution, Gen. Henry Knox.

After a desperate resistance and being sorely wounded, he was carried a captive by the British to Castine, where after a series of stirring adventures, he managed to escape.

He came to Portland from Plymouth. It was his daughter Zilpah who married Stephen Longfellow, who became the mother of the famous poet.

Of the other children of General Wadsworth, Alexander greatly distinguished himself in the Navy during the engagement between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. One of the forts in the Portland Harbor (Fort Scammel) is named after him.

Another son, Henry, the uncle for whom the poet was named, achieved fame in the harbor of Tripoli. He voluntarily sacrificed his life in the fireship *Intrepid* to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

Isn't it strange that so peaceful and so kindly a nature as Longfellow undoubtedly had, should have been inherited from such a line of fearless warriors?

The parlor was very grand and stately, but to my mind not half as attractive as the family living room. The poet's chair still stands by his favorite window, and near by is his mother's sewing table and the big table where the children gathered on winter evenings to study their lessons.

The most interesting room is undoubtedly the "Den," with "The Rainy Day" desk as it is called. Here the

poet sat one drizzling afternoon watching the rain-drops patter on the garden walk beyond the window. And before the close of day he had written that sweetest of all his poems beginning:

"Into each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary."

I wish I could go on and describe the other rooms; the guest chamber with its tall four-post bedstead, and the little room which Stephen Longfellow called his law office; but I must wait until I see you.

The Longfellow house, to my mind, is the most interesting thing in all Portland. Yet the "Captain's graves," as they are called, are equal in some respects.

No event in history has so much interest for the Portlander as that famous fight between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer,* in the War of 1812.

The contest was witnessed by nearly all the inhabitants, the scene of the conflict being plainly visible. For awhile, nothing definite of the outcome could be made, and the anxiety was great, as many of Portland's young men were on board the *Enterprise.*

In the morning, however, the *Enterprise* was discerned badly battered but crawling slowly into the harbor leading her prize.

The two young Captains both fell in the fighting. They were mere lads, and both are lying side by side in the graveyard. For many years the grave of the Captain of the *Boxer* was unmarked. A stranger passing through the city caused a headstone to be erected at his expense and a record of the fierce battle engraved upon the stone.

The old flag of the *Enterprise* which flew so proudly on that day is now among the treasures of the Longfellow House.

Portland has also one of the most interesting of all the Historical Collections in New England, and is well worth a visit. The situation of the town is one of extraordinary natural beauty, commanding as it does from its eminence, such a sweeping view of the harbor and its numerous islands.

The residence of Neal Dow, the great temperance advocate, and author of Maine's prohibition law, is one of the sights as is also the late home of Ex-Speaker Reed.

But I must desist. I know you are tired. This is also the gateway to the White Mountains. We may run up for a day or so and then continue on up the coast.

Now, my dear, my fondest love to you and all the dear ones at home, from your loving daughter,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

YORK BEACH, MAINE.

Dear Van:

As I left Portland this morning the papers were full of huge black type, clear across the page, regarding our recent mysterious murders. I think it is very bad form for you to kill your dearest friend, and my own opinion of myself for committing a similar fiendish crime is wholly unprintable. I only hope and trust that you will soon be apprehended. Nothing would please me better than to see you brought back to New York at once, and, I believe, if necessary, I could endure the discomfort of having you handcuffed all the way.

A wretch like you is not entitled to mercy. The more I think of your utter heartlessness, the more tempted am I to put the authorities on your trail. I quite agree with

the papers in their delicate allusion to you as being not a man, but a fiend incarnate. That's just what you are, I knew it all the time. And you deserve worse than death. I hope they will also print your picture in the Sunday supplement, or do something worse if possible.

This is one of the most magnificent beaches, I think, in the world. It's almost one of the first Colonial settlements, though I can never understand for the life of me, why these Pilgrims insisted on hunting up such unhospitable regions in which to plant their own vine and fig trees.

(A mere figure of speech, Van. Too far north to grow anything but rocks and pine trees.)

Miss Winthrop told me this morning that while my observations on the Pilgrims were somewhat amusing, and at times quite novel, she was still of the opinion that if I should confine my remarks to gasoline, clutches, running gear, etc., etc., though I might not shine as a literary person, I would stand a better chance of a good job in her father's garage this winter.

I touched my cap respectfully, and said, "Yes, Miss."

"Besides," she added, dropping on the instant that haughty manner, which she put on and off like an automobile coat, and resuming her own irresistible winsome way, "This little town contributed quite an important institution to those early settlers—a grist mill. The first one ever made in America was built in this same little out-of-the-way village of York, Maine."

"How remarkable."

"Indeed, it was! Naturally," she continued, "it was a rather rough affair. A very great, great, great ancestor of mine (where do you suppose she gets all these wonderful ancestors, Van?) had some grain ground at

the mill and his wife tried to sift it. The meal sieve proved to be useless and she had to resort to a ladder. This worked somewhat better, but even this was considerably too fine until she took out every other round."

Everybody laughed, Van, except me. I thought it was a shame to impose on her innocence by any such palpably false story. Fancy! Sieving grain with a step ladder!

We are all going bathing on this wonderful beach—that is, all but the chauffeur. He is supposed to look after the lunch baskets, shawls, cameras, etc. They have some excellent hotels here, so I think after putting up the brute I will enjoy a real good dinner myself and let the others enjoy the picnic.

I presume I really make myself amenable in the eyes of the law by asking the favor of a few lines in reply. Ugh! Who would ever have thought I would correspond with a murderer! Or that I should beseech and implore him to answer my letter at once!

In agony,

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Van to Drysdale.*]

Dear Drysdale:

I have just received the cheering news from Camp, that a party of Yanquis attacked our carrier about twenty miles from here and left the poor fellow for dead. He recovered and is now in the hospital. He can give no connected account of himself as yet, but from what he has been able to say, we gather that what money he had was stolen and all the letters scattered to the four winds

of Heaven. That means a loss of at least another four weeks before you hear from me.

In the meantime, dear boy, especially while you're in New England, call on Mrs. Eddy, Mother of Christian Science. She lives at Concord, New Hampshire. She will probably convince you that there has been no delay on my part, and that you merely think so. And will you kindly write me exactly your impressions of that interview? I am quite curious to know how you receive that precious information.

The bunch of papers you sent came in yesterday. I was so much interested in them as a whole that I couldn't read your article with any degree of personal interest. I'm so far away from everything, you know, that it reads just like any other vulgar crime. Besides, what danger is there for me, anyhow? They can't arrest me without sending a small army of soldiers. I can't get away from here, unless some soldiers are sent. I don't care much whether they come to arrest me or to set me free—which is what it amounts to.

Of course, my heart bleeds for you, dear, sweet, good, old boy. Every moment spent at Miss Winthrop's side must seem like a thousand years. What a martyr you are! I shall never again read "Baxter's Saints' Rest" without thinking how you've left them all at the post.

I think you'd look real cute in short hair and striped coat and trousers. I don't know whether they wear waistcoats or not, but I do know each man has a lovely pewter spoon, all for his very own, and every day they meet in the Kindergarten.

They form in one long line, one hand on the shoulder in front, the other bearing aloft the aforesaid pewter spoon. This is done so that the little dears cannot carry

anything else in their hands such as Teddy Bears, lemons, knives, dirks or pistols. In that way they march into the dearest dining room in the world, luxuriantly furnished with handsome white pine tables and plain granite walls and floors. In order to shut off all contact with the cruel and heartless world outside, the windows are very small and ornamented with plain and fancy bar-iron grill work —mostly plain.

I wish you *would* have me arrested, Van. This place is getting monotonous. The foreman has just stopped in to tell me that a small reconnoitering party we sent out last night has been cut to pieces. How careless!

Send me some more papers. I am quite interested in that story to which you have called my attention.

Ugh! Think of me—a Van Rensselaer—corresponding with a murderer!

Yours,

VAN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

That awful story of my disappearance has been going the rounds of the London press for a week. I wired to the Waldorf for my mail (your mail) to be forwarded here. And a case two feet square filled with letters and telegrams came in this morning. I've had a lovely day.

I told Brad to say nothing; that everything was all right; so I guess no one is yet on the track of Van Rensselaer, the despicable murderer of his dearest friend!

How I just love to roll these words over my tongue! Miss Winthrop mentioned the case casually this morn-

ing at breakfast. Would you like to know what she thinks of you?

As you are probably comfortably seated in some shady hacienda with a clinking glass of Scotch and soda by your side—to say nothing of an assortment of sundry and various lovely senoritas,—I think it will do your heart good. At all events, it will reduce your bump of conceit, which no doubt it sadly needs. I find it hard to convey the exact measure of scorn and detestation implied in her tones. Van, it was something terrible. I almost felt like committing suicide for you. I hated myself for ever having known you.

I had to agree with her. In fact, I admitted that it was at least deuced bad form.

"Bad form," she cried, with a look that froze the blood in my heart. "Bad form! It's—it's—it's"—and here her horror and indignation proved too much for utterance.

Presently she calmed down. "Thank goodness," she said, "the British government has taken up the matter. He's a peer of the realm, this Drysdale is, and they don't propose to be humbugged any longer. I believe the case is already in the hands of Scotland Yard."

Van, you could have knocked me over with a puff. Scotland Yard! A Parliamentary inquiry! And you off in Sunny Mexico listening to the castanets and mandolin regardless of the awful position in which you have placed me!

I'll look nice, won't I, discovered as the conductor of a party of tourists in far off America! Think of what *Reynolds* will say and the *Daily Mail* and the *Express*!

And Miss Winthrop!

Van, there's but one thing for you to do. Get a spe-

cial train or buy a railroad. Or, go to the Coast and get a steamer. If I knew just where you were I could easily enough get you one of our gunboats—the governor would fix that—and come up here as fast as steam, sails, or rail will let you.

I know the subtle charm that lies 'neath sunny skies, but I wouldn't desert a friend for all the senoritas in the world.

I suppose I could end it all by making a clean breast of it to Miss Winthrop, but I know you aren't such a cad as to even hint at a thing like that.

Get the steamer or the train and relieve,

Your distressed,

DRYSDALE.

From the New York Orb.

A BOGUS VAN RENSSELAER.

ENGLISHMAN IS MASQUERADING AS SCION OF OLD NEW YORK FAMILY.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTING TOURISTS.

For Three Weeks He Has Been Traveling Around New England With Party of Sightseers—Refuses to Make Statement When Confronted With Facts—His Object for This Disguise Not Apparent.

Special Dispatch to The Orb.

BOSTON.—In connection with the mysterious disappearance of Schuyler Van Rensselaer from his New

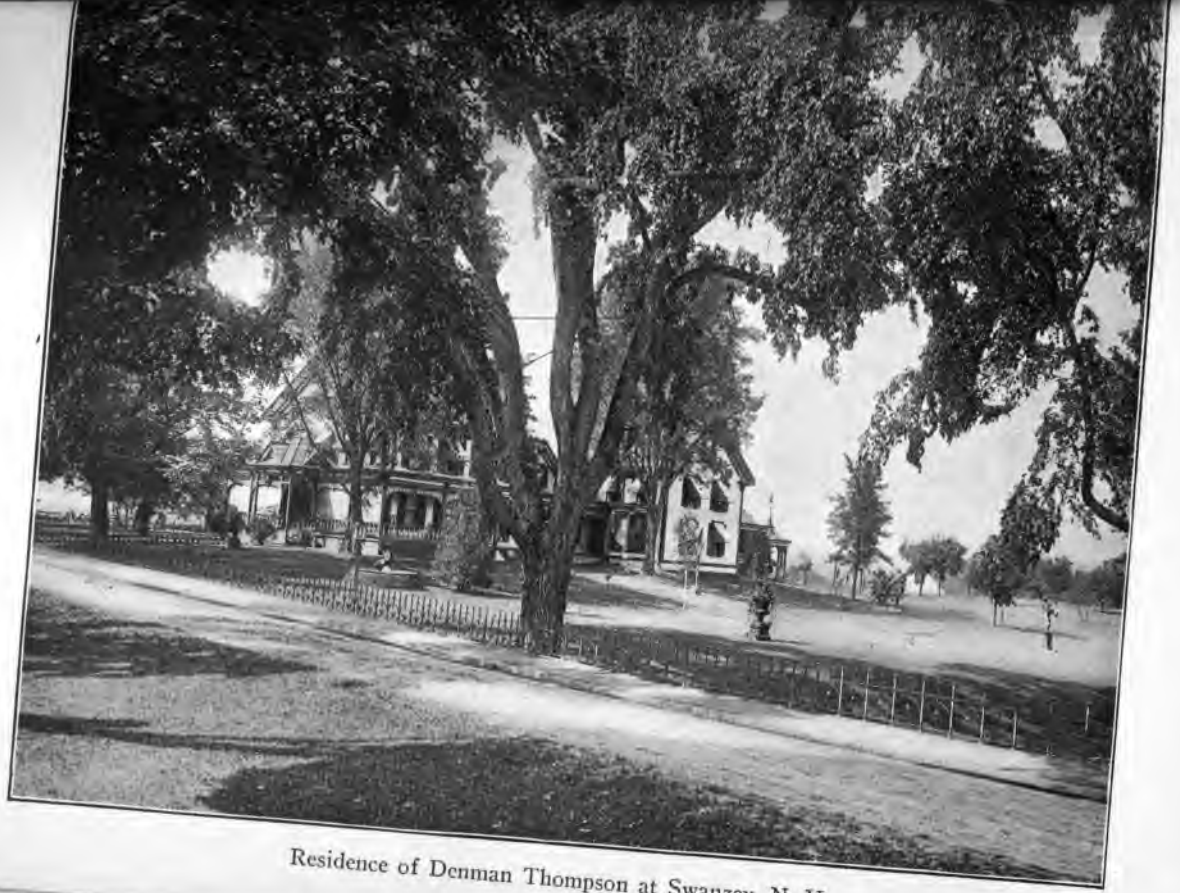
York home and haunts, the appearance in various New England towns of a man using the name of Van Rensselaer is interesting. The masquerader is obviously an Englishman of good breeding and refinement. He speaks with an English accent, and bears himself like a gentleman. For three weeks he has been in charge of a "personally conducted" party of tourists who have visited Plymouth, Lexington, Salem, and various other historical towns around New England.

The Englishman is uncommunicative, and when questioned regarding his people, home and antecedents, refuses to answer questions, and appears disturbed. He says his name is Schuyler Van Rensselaer, that his home is in England, that he is trying to earn an honest living as a tourist agent, but beyond that will say nothing.

His name may be Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and it may be something else, but it is certain that he is not the Schuyler Van Rensselaer who dropped out of sight a week or two ago. In fact, it is doubtful if the two Van Rensselaers ever heard of each other.

A correspondent of the *Orb* has been traveling for three days with the "personally conducted" tourists and has watched "Van Rensselaer" closely. He has attended strictly to his business, and beyond being particularly attentive to a wealthy young woman who is a member of his party, there has been little in his conduct to arouse comment. He is remarkably well-informed regarding Colonial history and he talks about the early days in Plymouth, Salem, Boston and Concord with a glibness born of long practice or deep study

When the fact of the disappearance of Schuyler Van Rensselaer was pointed out to him today by the *Orb* correspondent he seemed deeply interested. He asked many



Residence of Denman Thompson at Swanzey, N. H.

questions regarding the subject, but when direct questions were asked of him he declined to answer, merely saying: "Really, I know nothing of the mattah, and cahn't say anything about it. There may be forty men by my name, don't you know, and I cahn't be expected to keep track of them. Perhaps the fellah is off on a lark, don't you know. Such things have happened befoah, and I am suah the young chap will turn up all right."

But in spite of his apparent nonchalance the young man was clearly perturbed, and there are indications that he knows much more about the matter than he is willing to admit.

[*Letter from Van to Drysdale.*]

IN CAMP, MEXICO.

Dear Drysdale:

We're really having quite a devil of a time down here. I didn't take it very seriously at first, but every once in a while it occurs to me that possibly you are getting impatient at my continued silence, although I don't imagine it troubles you very much, after all.

I've really made two good attempts to get a letter through, but, as I wrote you last week, neither of them succeeded. In fact, the letter in which I wrote you to this effect, is I fear also lost. So it will be some time before you know anything at all about the situation down here.

I've had a good laugh at that newspaper story. I can imagine how proud you are to see your name in letters a foot high in all the papers. Have they got out a poster yet announcing the Great Drysdale Mystery, as a double page special horror? Is it to be illustrated with those

funny young females with wasp-like waists that Eddy always draws?

When it's all over I'd like to see Opper get at work on it. You and I will be Alphonse and Gaston. Maud will be coming up behind. When we have said "After you, my dear Alphonse," half a dozen times, and are bending low, Maud will double herself up like a jack knife and spring open. You will land in London and I in New York. Maud will canter gayly up the field saying "Hee! Haw!"

The indications at present are that we shall be practically helpless for some time. We have sent word finally to the garrison for help, and another courier goes this afternoon to urge haste. Hence this letter.

I thought this was a land of shady haciendas, lovely senoritas, mandolins, zithers and song.

Bah! Give me the great White Way every time.

Yours,

VAN.

P. S.—I shouldn't think it would help you with Miss Winthrop to have all this notoriety. I don't believe from what you've told me that she'd like that sort of thing.

[*Letter from the Earl of Drysdale to his brother, William Henry Douglas.*]

PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.,
September 2d, 19——

My Dear Billy:

I believe I promised you a letter from Concord, but I really couldn't manage it. These American tourists rush about like madmen, and there is hardly enough

time left in the day to get one's meals and a decent smoke.

However, the country is worth it, I will admit. I advise you to take a run over here next summer, old man, for it would do your literary soul no end of good. There is enough material on this shore alone for a dozen stories. I am tempted to write up some of these queer people myself, though I know as much about writing as you do about golf!

We came by boat from Boston, leaving there last evening and arriving very early this morning.

The captain of the boat amused me no end. He was a rum old chap, and a typical Cape Codder—Cape Cod, you understand, being that part of New England which runs out into the Atlantic, like a little dog's tail. He stood near me on the deck last evening, and there was something about his cheerful, sea-worn appearance that invited conversation. "Rather fine weather," said I; "No danger of a storm, I suppose?"

The captain allowed his eye to travel slowly over the heavens.

"I ain't a-sayin' nothin'," he remarked, finally, "that she will or that she won't, but I *will* go so far as to say that *when* you see her lookin' that way, an' the sea as smooth's a floor, ye've no cause to think she's goin' to cut up any capers."

He fumbled in his pocket and brought up a large square of tobacco and a horn-handled knife and proceeded to cut vigorously.

"By gum!" he exclaimed, "this 'ere tobakker's tough's the devil's kite string! I'll bet 't was raised whar thar wa'n't no rain. Hack off a piece fur yerself," he continued graciously, "If ye have the patience."

I declined politely and lighted my pipe.

"You're a stranger, I see," he went on, cordially; "I guess these 'ere waters's new to you?"

I nodded.

"That's what I says t' myself the minute I see ye," he said, serenely. "A Britisher," says I, "An' a single man 't that."

"How did you know all that?" said I, amazed at his Sherlock Holmes perspicacity.

He smiled and winked meaningly.

"Wal, I watched ye cruisin' 'round," he said, cheerfully, "An' ye ain't the look o' a married man."

"What's the look of a married man?" I asked curiously.

"Meachin'," said the captain, solemnly, reaching for his tobacco; "Meachin'! I ain't no hater o' the female variety—had tew on 'em myself—but when I see a man a-stompin' along, lookin' as ef he hadn't a darn thing t' bother him, it stands t' reason 't that thar fellow ain't never been spliced."

The captain sighed and fixed his eye on a seagull over our heads.

"Noisy creaturs, ain't they?" he said; "Mind me somethin' o' women folks—forever fussin' 'beout somethin'."

"Have you always followed the sea?" said I changing the subject carefully.

"Somethin' that way," he said, winking broadly; "Why, man, I was member o' the navy afore I got ter yer age, an' master o' a vessel besides, an' in them days thar wa'n't no 'tarnal book foolishness ter clog a man's brains. The question was allers, '*Can* ye sail a boat, or *can't* ye?' an' then a word or tew t' see ef ye was up an' dressed. I ain't forgot," pursued the captain, with a

hoarse chuckle at the recollection, "Goin' with a mate o' mine, a midshipman, t' the commodore what was ter put him through his paces. 'Perkins,' says the commodore, lookin' 't him fiercelike through his glasses, 'What'd be yer course, supposin' 's ye was off a lee shore, scuddin' afore a squall, both anchors an' yer rudder gone, yer sail kerried away an' yer boat scuddin' rapid through the breakers?' 'Fur's I can see, sir,' says Perkins, dazed like, 'All them things couldn't rightly happen ter one vessel 'n one voyage, sir.'

"'Tut, tut, young gentleman,' says the commodore, gittin' 's red 's a fightin' cock, 'We must have yer opinion, supposin' 's it 'd actually happened.'

"'Well, sir,' says Perkins, 'Sails all kerried away, do ye say, sir?'

"'Aye, all—every rag,' says the commodore.

"'Anchor gone, too, sir?' says Perkins, scratchin' his head.

"'Aye,' says the commodore; 'Not 'n oncommon case.'

"'No rudder, either?' says Perkins, givin' me an agernizin' look.

"'Aye,' says the commodore; 'Rudder unshipped. Come sir, come, bear a hand abeout 't. What would ye do?'

"'Wal, sir,' says Perkins, at las', white an' desp'rit, 'Wal, I'd let the infernal tub go t' the devil, whar she'd orter go!'

"'Right, sir!' says the commodore, beamin' like a full moon; 'Perfectly right! That will do, sir. The clerk will note 't Mr. Perkins 's parssed.'"

The captain paused to light his pipe. "Them newfangled middies 's mighty picturusque," he observed, benignantly, "But I've noticed pretty darned well 't when it

comes 't *sailin'* a boat they stan' jest's much charnce o' shovin' 'er on the breakers 's one o' us old salts, an' a leetle mite more, by gum!"

He gave me a sprightly wink. and strolled leisurely down the deck, leaving me absorbed in wonder and admiration. We left the boat so hurriedly this morning that I had time only for a farewell hand-shake.

He would make a capital character for one of your tales, only you had better come over here and give it the proper New England setting.

Be sure to do it next season.

Now, old chap, I really must bring this to a close, and tell you about Portland some other time.

Love to the Governor and the rest.

Your affectionate brother,

JACK.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

POLAND SPRING HOUSE,
SOUTH POLAND, MAINE.

Dear old Daddy:

After many devious wanderings we have finally arrived at this Mecca of the modern seeker after health and recreation, as the guide book says. Thanks for many, many letters which overtook us here. To thousands of persons throughout the country the name of this old caravansary is associated with such pleasant memories that I do not blame them for loving the old place.

It is quite a ways back from the railroad, but the drive up is delightful. It is magnificently situated when you get here.

The Ricker family, owners of the Poland, are as

much of an institution as the hotel itself. For over a hundred years the Rickers have kept a hotel here. The Mansion House is merely the old Wentworth Ricker Inn of 1795, enlarged from year to year, and modernized to meet the changed conditions. The original old inn now forms but a small portion of the present imposing structure.

Old Jabez Ricker was the founder, so runs the legend, settling on the farm in 1793. But Hiram Ricker, grandson of Jabez, is the one who brought the family into prominence, and thereby hangs a tale.

Hiram, it seems, had more than the usual measure of the inquisitiveness ascribed to the Down East Yankee. Among other folk-lore of the neighborhood was an Indian legend pertaining to a Spring with wonderful healing waters. This story was constantly recurring to his mind, and this far-famed medicine Spring of the Indians occupied a good deal of his thoughts. That this Spring and the one on his father's farm were one and the same never occurred to him until in the natural course of events the necessary evidence came to light.

The Spring was located in the woods just on the outskirts of the farm, and naturally was somewhat removed from the scene of active work. Still, from time to time, the plow would unearth curious Indian relics of one sort and another in the vicinity of the Spring. Strange to relate, these relics were not such as were made or used by the Sagadahocks or other tribes living in Maine, but were the handiwork of the Iroquois, Narragansetts, Mohawks, and other red men of far away provinces.

To Hiram Ricker these discoveries meant more than the mere finding of aboriginal curiosities. Coupled with

the traditions which he had heard as a boy, he rightly concluded that there must be something in the legend.

He finally tested the truth of these stories by curing himself, with nothing but the water of this spring, of a stubborn trouble that refused to yield to any other agent.

Now, I don't want to turn this letter into an advertisement of Poland water, but the next time you are bothered with that old trouble of yours I am going to prescribe Poland.

Hiram Ricker was a unique character in his day. Books were rather scarce, and his chief literary pursuit consisted of a close study of the Bible. Like Frank T. Bullen, whose marvelous tales of seafaring life have delighted multitudes of readers and whose knowledge of literature was confined solely to the Bible, Hiram Ricker knew nothing of literature beyond the Bible.

The descendants of Hiram Ricker—Edward P., Alvan B. and Hiram W. Ricker, preserve the ancestral characteristics. Edward P. Ricker, the present head of the family—the man with whom the public come in contact—resembles in many respects his noted father. Physically he is a large man with the commanding air of one to whom large interests are confided.

As a memorial to his ancestors, this Ricker brought from the Chicago World's Fair, the building which had been erected on that occasion by the State of Maine. A granite memorial tablet records the fact that the present generation of Rickers transported this building, stone by stone, from Chicago to their grounds in Poland, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of their family.

In Maine, Edward Ricker is the friend of everyone. He was much esteemed by the late Jas. G. Blaine, and has

Old Man of the Mountains, Franconia, N. H.

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a copy of a Revolutionary commission issued to a great-grandfather of Senator Wm. P. Frye, of Maine, presented to him by the latter.

There is probably no man of prominence anywhere in the Union who has not at some time or other been a guest at Poland and met this celebrated boniface. The hotel business is a peculiar one, and in some respects Edward P. Ricker maintains to the Poland what the late P. T. Barnum did to the greatest circus on earth. He was part of the show, and perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits among it.

As a resort which has perhaps a more widely scattered clientèle than almost any other I ever heard of Poland Springs is unique. And to be in Maine and not talk of it would be ridiculous.

A remnant of the old "Shaker" community is found not far from here. They are a curious people, fast dwindling away. There seems to be no end of fads and fancies in religion in theological New England. But Christian Science has them all beaten to a standstill.

We shall run up further north from here. And then home again.

The golfing, boating, fishing on the lakes, riding, etc., is all that could be desired.

With lots of love.

Your loving, HELEN...

[*Letter from Miss Winthrop to her Father.*]

Dear Daddy:

That picture of you on the old farm has been with me a good deal lately. I don't seem able to get it out of my head.

For one thing, you wouldn't be away from me so much if we lived on a farm, would you, Daddy dear? And I wouldn't have to care whether the man I married was rich or poor, would I, just so long as I loved him?

This having so much money isn't what it's thought to be, is it? I know a young man already whom I believe I could love very dearly if I didn't have money. Why is it that all the rich young men are so insufferably dull and the poor ones—one at least—so extraordinarily interesting? Is money such a wonderful possession, after all?

I saw by the cables this morning that you will sail on the *Kaiser Wilhelm* for New York this week. Well, you can't come any too soon to suit me.

I am afraid your daughter is acquiring unhappiness.

Affectionately,

HELEN.

P. S.—On the way over think up some plan to start a young man in business who deserves every possible chance. I had a most charming dinner with Mr. Goggles last night.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Daddy:

We left our motor car to take a run up by rail to that sportsman's paradise, the North Woods of Maine.

A very funny thing happened on the train. We were riding on the Maine Central Road, and an old lady boarded the cars at Aroostook very much incensed over something and greatly excited. "He's a horrid wretch and I won't do no such thing," she exclaimed indignantly, as she dropped into the seat next to our chauffeur.

Of course he was all attention at once, and sought to soothe her agitation. I don't know whether he is nicer to old ladies than to young—looks as if it didn't matter which.

In a moment she was pouring out her troubles to him; she declared she "never did see sech a sassy feller as the brakeman," who had opened the door and cried out, "Burnham, Burnham, change for Unity, Thorndike, Knox, Brooks and Belfast! Do not leave your packages nor umbrellas in the car—Burn-um! Burn-um!"

She said she had "some twisted doughnuts, a home-made cheese, some home-made socks and a patchwork quilt which she was bringing down to her daughter Nancy, and she shouldn't burn um for nobody nor nothin'!"

I was ready to shriek with laughter, but checked myself as I saw him gently explain to her the real situation, and in such a manner as to ward off any suspicion that the old lady's misunderstanding was anything laughable. But the dear old lady was brighter than she looked. A twinkle shone in her faded blue eye, and she said: "I reckon you must hev a right good mother, young man. Here I've gone and made myself a laughing-stock tew the hull car, an' yet you make it so's if 'twas all right."

But that's always him—I don't believe he could play the cad if he tried.

Pop, if you don't find him a situation in the Company I'll buy a car and keep him for myself.

Now, we're going after some deer, and some pickerel, and some salmon, and a great big cargo of health and happiness.

My! But don't I wish you were here!

In haste, HELEN.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

A rather vulgar person called on me this morning. It seems he saw me receive that express package yesterday containing my mail, etc.

He said he had come all the way from New York because the hotel people thought that among them were some letters addressed to Arthur Drysdale which the clerk had included by mistake. If I would kindly return them to him, he would be much obliged and so would Mr. Brad.

Thunder! What could I do? Of course, there were some letters for Drysdale. The hotel people knew that. But I had opened every one. But for that I would have handed them back gladly rather than run the risk of exposure. But what was I to do?

In my dilemma I turned instinctively to Miss Winthrop. Ah! Van, there's a woman with brains if ever I saw one. Asking the fellow to wait a moment I sought her out. Touching my cap respectfully, I said: "Beg pardon, Miss, but I'm in a bit of trouble."

"What is it, Goggles?" she answered, with that old-time friendly look in her eyes. "Can I help you?"

"I think you can, Miss." So I explained how some letters had apparently come to me which the hotel people thought belonged to someone else.

Wasn't that a clever way of putting it, Van?

"And a messenger has come all the way from New York for them?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Ask him to see me."

So Mr. Messenger was summoned.

"Have you a written order for those letters?"

"No, ma'am," said the stranger, who looked considerably taken back.

"Well, we couldn't think of giving them to you," she answered, very decidedly.

"But I really must have them," he answered, somewhat defiantly, making a move as if to unfold the lapel of his coat.

"You mean," she answered sweetly, "the hotel must have them."

"Same thing."

"Not at all. Goggles, make a package of the letters, address them to the hotel, deliver them to the express company, and take a receipt for them. That will be all," she added, bowing to both of us.

I didn't even have to show the letters to anyone. I thought it was the cleverest move I could imagine. The messenger was crestfallen.

"There's some phoney work going on somewhere, all right. But that young Miss has called the turn on me. See you later," he added, I thought rather significantly, —"Good day."

"Good-bye," I said, immensely relieved. These situations are coming up constantly, Van, and are beginning to get on my nerves.

I am looking for just one letter now. And that is from you saying you have arrived in New York.

When shall I ever receive it? This suspense is something awful, Van.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

P. S.—Isn't Miss Winthrop a brick?

CHAPTER IV

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Dear Popsy:

Nothing has overtaken me yet in the line of a letter from you but I will be charitable enough to suppose that somewhere between here and London is an epistle looking for an owner. I really think it will have quite a little journey ere it overtakes me at the present rate.

We thought we'd take just a little day or two extra to see some of the other far-famed wonders of this marvelous region. The Boston & Maine connects here with trains for the White Mountains, Quebec, Montreal and the Adirondacks on the west. The Maine Central begins here and takes you by one route up to the Rangely Lake district and on another branch to Farmington, Phillips or the Dead River region.

Motor cars have penetrated the fastnesses of the primeval forests of the great North Woods—to the marvel of the natives who know of them only through the illustrated papers. But not wishing to be out of the reach of civilization in case you should cable me that you had started, I confined this "side-stepping," as you would call it, to the more reliable and luxurious mode of travel provided by the railroad lines aforementioned.

As it was late when we started for the White Moun-

tains we concluded to stop off at some small station just before we entered the portals of this impressive region—and stopped for the night at Intervale.

Darkness had already fallen so we saw but little of the beauties with which we were unconsciously surrounded. In the morning what a glorious surprise! There was the Presidential Range silent, majestic, awe-inspiring. In the distance could be seen old White Face and the dull brown top of Mount Washington.

From the valley in which we had so fortunately located, the scene was one of impressive grandeur. I could not but thank Goggles upon whose suggestion the selection was made. He, it seems, has traveled extensively in mountainous countries and seems to be willing to go to no end of trouble when his party is appreciative. After breakfast we drove to some of the picturesque places in the village, of which there are many—the Artists Falls for example. We left the little caravansary that had sheltered us for the night with a feeling that at last we had found an inn with a proprietor who had a heart. The charges were very reasonable and the service beyond criticism.

Resuming our journey we were soon approaching the Eastern gateway of the White Mountains, Crawford Notch.

The feeling, as one enters this enchanted region, is one hard to describe. On all sides tower gigantic heights and each turn of the road reveals unexpected vistas of mountain, valley and stream. The chug-chug of the double engines as they strain and pull up the steep grade, alone breaks the stillness of these everlasting hills.

By and by we are in the midst of the storied beauty of this famous region. On all sides, rear the peaks of gi-

gantic mountains, clad in their robes of sombre dark green. We leave the train at the Fabyan House. Any of a dozen others would have done just as well but we chose the one nearest Mount Washington, which we had already concluded to ascend.

A well-built, inclined railway of modern construction makes the journey to the summit a matter of no fatigue whatever. You enter the open car very much as if you were going to shoot the chutes or any other of these awful things they do at Coney Island. Only here everything seems so different.

You are going on quite a little journey and every foot of ascent brings you fresh visions of entrancing beauty.

We concluded to spend the evening at the summit. One of the inducements offered was the opportunity of seeing the sunrise in the morning. I am ashamed dear Popsy to say how utterly unable I am to describe this most magnificent scene. You know that sometimes I feel I am an agnostic and a free thinker. Well, of course, I'm not, but at times I am constrained to sort of break the bounds, don't you know.

Well, one view of a sunrise at Mount Washington will dissipate all such egotistic—that's the right word, Popsy—egotistic notions. You will feel as you never felt before, that you are but an insignificant atom in the great Creator's plans, and that there is after all a power, greater than human, which plans and arranges this universe.

I hope you won't laugh at this. I intend to have you —you, "one of the mighty forces in our modern civilization," as the papers say—witness this sublime spectacle. I know that you will clasp my hand just a little closer and will say nothing. Perhaps you will feel that "$50 and a mule" are really greater than all the hundreds of

New Profile House, Franconia, N. H.

Entrance to Crawford Notch, Franconia, N. H.

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millions that you now command. A sunrise in the White Mountains is a liberal education.

Neither the Summit House or the Fabyan represent all that is delightful in a hostelry sense in the White Mountains. There are dozens of others, the Mount Washington House, for instance, the Profile House and others "too numerous to mention," as the guide-books say.

Each has its own coterie of admirers. They all have every modern convenience. Each is so situated that some special view of the mountains is specially attractive. And the drives in their vicinity all have a charm of their own.

The dry, bracing atmosphere of this mountainous region is, of course, one of its principal assets. When you add to that all the attractions that tend to add zest to outdoor life you have reached the acme of western enjoyment. All the popular sports are here enjoyed to perfection—riding, driving, golf, tennis, etc., etc. In short, a sojourn in this remarkable region is at once a revelation and a consummation of the things devoutly to be wished for.

After we had surfeited ourselves with the various charms of this vicinity we concluded to forsake the accomplishments of civilization for a brief term in the wilderness. And so we hied ourselves for a brief sojourn in the North Woods, which to the uninitiated means the uttermost wilds of Maine. HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

THE SAMOSET, ROCKLAND, ME.

Dear Daddy:

I was not only delighted, but simply overwhelmed to get even that short note from you here. I look forward

with impatience to the "batch" of letters which you say will reach me at Lenox.

We lingered a day extra here because the bay of old Penobscot, spread out before us, is dotted with the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron going through their annual summer drill. Isn't it strange that all these maneuvers always occur at some such perfectly delightful town as this or Bar Harbor?

Goggles doesn't seem to care much for the navy. I danced with a number of the officers last night, and a young lieutenant from the flagship seemed very anxious to see that we all enjoyed ourselves. He looked very well in his natty uniform, and was what you call rather well built. But he simply couldn't talk. He thought the Bay of Penobscot reminded him of the Bay of Naples. He also admired the huge government breakwater which juts out right from the hotel grounds. At that point his vocabulary was exhausted. He lacked what I call the divine quality of being interesting.

Now, if that had been Goggles instead, he would have had no end of delightful stories of the trip just finished, the peoples he saw, and the countries visited. I saw him sitting all alone on a rock by the seashore and was almost tempted to send for him he looked so forlorn.

The town behind us is quite famous in its way for its huge deposits of limestone of a wonderfully superior quality. Cement is made from this rock, and is, I believe the standard of the world—at least so their advertisements state.

Isn't it astonishing how many things are the "Standard of the World," especially when they happen to be branded after the name of the proprietor?

This is no reflection upon the admitted superlative ex-

cellence of the brand of smoking tobacco which bears your honored name.

In the morning we drove over to Camden and in the afternoon to Thomaston.

At one time Thomaston was the county seat of no less a personage than General Henry Knox, one of the best beloved and most trusted officers on the staff of Washington, and the first Secretary of War in the first Cabinet.

The wife of General Knox was a brilliant woman in society, much admired and deferred to by General and Mrs. Washington, but a person of a very haughty and worldly temper. When her husband finally resigned his office as Secretary of War under Washington and removed to Thomaston, where he had acquired an extensive property, he proceeded to build a mansion at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, somewhat after the fashion of Washington at Mount Vernon and Jefferson at Monticello.

The general himself was of a social disposition, and not above mingling with the poorest of his worthy neighbors; but his wife made no visits, and exchanged no civilities. As the historian says, she used to ride out in her coach, the only one in the neighborhood, but always returned home without alighting, "like Noah's dove."

General Knox habitually went to church, and one day invited the preacher—an "exchange"—home to dine with him. As they entered the dining room they found Mrs. Knox seated at the table.

"Rise, my dear," said General Knox, "and the parson will ask a blessing."

She took no notice, but remained seated.

He repeated his request in a more emphatic manner. Still she did not move. Then, with something of that stentorian voice which at the battle of Trenton had risen above the tempest, he said once more:

"Rise, my dear! the parson is going to ask a blessing!"

But this time, too, the lady sat unmoved in all her stateliness, and the blessing was asked and dinner proceeded with, as if nothing had happened.

The ill-assorted couple had one son, whom the mother petted and spoiled. At one time she was visiting at a house in Massachusetts, and the little boy amused himself by disarranging everything in the room, especially the books. His mother, in answer to a look of remonstrance from the mistress of the house, simply remarked:

"Oh, Henry mustn't be restrained; we never think of crossing him in anything."

"But I cannot have my books spoiled," said the lady, "as my husband is not a bookbinder."

This reference to the early occupation of General Knox was so distasteful to Mrs. Knox that she took an immediate and unceremonious leave.

It is little to be wondered at that this boy became a worthless character, a grief and disgrace to his parents. Shortly before he died he came under the influence of religion, and was so ashamed of his misdeeds that he begged not to be buried in the family enclosure, among those whom he had disgraced, but in some out-of-the-way corner, with no stone to mark the spot.

General Knox entertained Lafayette and Washington in his home in Thomaston. He engaged in so many gigantic and profitless undertakings in connection with his

vast estate that he became hopelessly engaged in financial difficulties.

The outbuildings of the general's home are now used as a freight house for the railroad. The fate of the mansion itself is pitiful in the extreme, it having descended to a negro tenement.

The old four-posted bed used by Lafayette, and much of the general's personal furniture has been acquired by patriotic persons in the neighborhood, who have also erected a stone at the depot marking the general's home.

Occasionally those relics are brought together at a local historical exhibition, and it is to be hoped that in time they may be acquired by the local chapter of the D. A. R. in the interests of the general public.

That is the least that can be done for the old soldier over whom Washington wept as he clasped his hand at that farewell meeting in Fraunce's Tavern.

Almost within sight of Knox's home but on the opposite side of the river can be seen the Wadsworth house —in which General Wadsworth was captured and to which I have already referred.

I am constantly astonished at the many interesting things that happened in such out of the way places.

Tomorrow I think we go to Poland.

With love,

HELEN.

P. S.—General Knox's grave could be better cared for, I think.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

Honored Sire:

A cable is better than nothing. It does not, however, partake of your own dear personality, which is what I most appreciate in a letter. You don't know what that means, do you? Of course you don't. And I won't tell you.

Still, it shows signs of progress. It is miles and miles ahead of a typewritten, rubber stamp affair—and for this much, receive, I pray you, my most abject salutations.

I knew you'd miss your steamer. Well, never mind. I can extend the trip a week or so longer, without any trouble whatever—as you have no doubt already realized by the date line of this letter.

There's quite a number of your sort here—captains of industry galore; money in reams, barrels and hogsheads. Yet withal, a most charming and cultivated air pervades the entire place. That is not, however, just how I meant to express myself. Money need not necessarily be "tabooed," as Mr. Goggles says, but its possession need not be hailed from the housetops. And that's what I like about Bar Harbor. There is an abundance of wealth here to be sure, but nobody is disagreeably impressed by its ostentatious display. Everybody here is not rich. There is a vast number of visitors who follow intellectual pursuits, and everybody knows that they can't by any possibility make money in that line. Yet the two classes are perfectly comfortable. The one set come because nothing finer can be had at any price and the other because the same thing is available to them also at any price.

The scene at the dock, papa, as the steamer lands is animated in the extreme. The irrepressible "backboard" —a peculiarly local production—is everywhere in evidence. This vehicle may contain from six to a dozen seats, each seat holding two; the whole swinging, only a long board resting apparently on the front and rear axles. The costly equipages of the opulent cottagers add a note of stateliness to the pageant as it winds up the hill. The gay summer costumes, the bright hued hats, parasols, and other feminine accoutrements contribute a needed dash of color, to what is unquestionably one of the most effective "moving pictures" ever produced.

It's not so many years ago since Bar Harbor was known only to artists. Had they been content to keep their knowledge to themselves, perhaps they would yet be in undisputed possession of its treasures. But their pictures told the story to the outside world, and slowly but surely the fame of Bar Harbor was in the ascendant. With the advent of the summer colony, this charming resort was at last on the road to that royal destiny which the advertisements modestly announce as her rightful heritage, "The Queen of American Resorts."

The French and Indian antecedents of Bar Harbor are certainly entitled to some consideration at the hands of the local nomenclaturist. But no. That splendid genius who has given us such spirited exhibitions of his talents in Horse's Head, Painted Post, Four Corners, Kalamazoo, Devil's Den, etc., etc., early seized upon Bar Harbor. As a result we have Eden as the name of Duck Islands, Great Head, Hole-in-the-Wall, Spouting Horn, Thunder Cave, Schooner Head, Frenchman's Bay, Green Mountain, Brown Mountain, Robinson Mountain,

Sargent Mountain, Long Cove, Bass Cove, Sullivan, Grindstone and Mosquito Harbors.

I think you'd better take a few moments, Popsy, to digest this long list of atrocities. Bar Harbor escaped being called Poverty Flats or some other such delightful misnomer simply from the fact that at low tide a bar is exposed, connecting the town with one of the adjoining smaller islands. This, forming a natural harbor, and there being no Mikes or Pats or Biddies around at the time, the name was a natural growth. And it is the most delightful on the whole island!

The guide-books and railroad folders have quite a time describing the many beauties of this favored region. And no wonder. I am free to confess that there is a limit to the supply of adjectives and the enthusiastic writer is soon "out of stock," as the stores say. Personally I think it is one of those places which cannot be described. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

In the old French and Indian days, this island figured quite prominently in the making of history. It harbored the flotillas of the romantic Jacques Cartier, the renowned Champlain, La Saussaye, Du Mont and others. Some attempt at colonization was made by France but it all came to an inglorious end when an English fleet under Argall attacked the settlement. In true buccaneer style the French were made to walk the plank and others taken prisoners. In the playful spirit of the time, a boat-load was cast adrift in the Atlantic, to meet whatever fate the fortunes of war dealt them.

The celebrated Captain Kidd is also credited with having honored these shores with frequent visits. Naturally he buried treasure here also.

This gentleman was evidently a non-union man and

Main Street in Old Amherst

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never bothered himself about an eight-hour day. It certainly took him some time to capture the treasure. That, we must admit, but when did he find time to bury it? Think of the years and years he must have spent in this branch of his business. There is scarcely a place from Long Island Sound to Bar Harbor in which there isn't a well authenticated tradition regarding buried treasure of Captain Kidd's! Poor fellow! He was sadly overworked.

An echo of the profligate days of Louis XIV reached even this far away shore in those early days.

Henrietta, Duchesse d'Orleans, aunt of the king, obtained from her unfortunate husband, Charles the First, the relinquishment of Arcadia by the English.

Whether this interference with Britons' prestige in America, a point on which they were very sensitive, was responsible for her dramatic ending, can only be surmised. Suffice it to say that she was soon one of the many victims of the poisoners in the time of Louis. The peculiarly sad part of this tragedy arose from the fact that the poisoners, to make sure of their atrocious work, so managed the plot that the poison was unwittingly sent to the widowed queen by her own lover the Chevalier de Lorraine.

The influence of this unhappy woman, together with two other noted French women, that of Madame de Guercheville and Madame Gregoire, was felt for a long time in this lonely isle. The former established a colony under a grant dated 1607 from Henry IV. The latter subsequently (after the abandonment of this colony) obtained a grant for the island from the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, who were satisfied that she was a lineal

descendant of Cadillac, who had obtained the grant in 1688 from Louis XIV.

What that keen appreciation for the romantic and poetic traditions of history, characteristic of our modern life, there is now no reminder on the island of Mt. Desert of the French occupation. The grave of the Gregoires is in the old northeast corner of the burying ground. But no stone marks the site of the homes of Gregoire, de Guercheville or of Henrietta of Orleans. Even the Rodicks had a hotel named after them. But they were porgy fishermen.

I think we shall stay here a few days. There is certainly a fascination about the island which is wholly a thing of its own creation. There is a sense of freedom, of exhilaration which you do not feel on the mainland. The roads are magnificent and driving a wonderful pleasure. I cannot begin to describe the many surprises provoked by a walk on the Tow or Shore road. Every step reveals a marine picture of wondrous beauty. The harbor is dotted with the gleaming hulls of many private yachts. Hither and thither dart the whitened sails of numerous yachts and pleasure sailing craft of every description. The Indian birch-bark canoe, with its brilliant trappings filled with gay and laughing parties, is everywhere in evidence. Rounding the islands and coming to anchor in the harbor are the numerous vessels of the fishing fleet at the close of a satisfactory day's "catch," which include craft of every conceivable picturesque description.

In the offing, perhaps, may be at anchor, the great white fighting ships of the North Atlantic squadron, who rendezvous each summer at this resort. Saucy little gigs, launches and barges, conveying admirals, captains

and distinguished visitors, impart an animation to the picture, the delight of which lingers long on the memory. There may be more interesting sights than Bar Harbor's green waters at the height of the season, but if there is then I for one, have failed to see them.

The pleasures of the sea are only exceeded by the remarkable wealth of beauty on the mainland. An island only fourteen miles long and twelve broad, yet traversed by a dozen mountains, is not to be denied. All the charm of woodland, lake, river and mountain are encompassed in this miniature fairyland.

Up Green Mountain the trip is full of kaleidoscopic surprises. One moment the path lies through a noble forest of pine, spruce and birch. Again you are looking down on Eagle Lake. A little further along appears a strip of the ocean studded with numerous islands. Turning abruptly to the left the eastern coast of the island comes into view. The village of Bar Harbor lies at your feet with its twinkling water craft. Just beyond are the dark green hills of Porcupine Islands. Lamoine on its level peninsula, Sullivan at the head of its beautiful bay, Sorrento with its pretty little harbor shut in by picturesque islands, and Winter Harbor with its rocky headlands all come into view.

All the other drives seem to have beauties of their own also. The view from the top of Green Mountain deserves a chapter in itself. I feel that I cannot do justice to that panorama of ocean, bay, harbor, village and mainland stretched out before the eyes till skyline meets horizon. It was certainly a justification of all the extravagant claims made on behalf of this wonderful island. I felt fully repaid and can truly say that Bar Harbor was all my fancy painted it.

In the development of the Cottage Colony man for once at least, has worked in harmony with Nature's plans. No more artistic or beautiful villas can be seen anywhere in this or other countries. While they show utter disregard for cost, yet there are no offenses against architectural good taste and the landscape gardening is on the same tasteful and successful magnificence. Some of the best known names in the country are residents here in the summer.

It will be a long time before we forget our delightful impressions of this charming spot. I have seen, as you know, many of the oldtime famous resorts, but this one transcends them all in everything that one desires in a summer residence.

I am afraid I am getting too enthusiastic or too tiresome. Which?

Well, I'll stop. It's time for bed.

Your aff.

HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

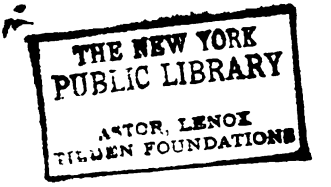
CASTINE, MAINE.

Dear Popsy:

I really think we have finally turned our faces homeward. I shall be guided somewhat by your own movements, regarding the exact date of our arrival in New York.

Whether the country at large can stand such an epoch marking event as our meeting, is a question. But I am reckless. I really do not care what happens to such a big splendid place anyhow. Something ought to happen to take the conceit out of it.

Great Head, Mt. Desert Island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We came over from Bar Harbor this morning on the Sappho, the little express steamer that runs in connection with the railroad. We passed through Sorrento, a very charming summer colony on the way to Castine.

Castine held me fascinated. Not so much for what it is today as for its highly romantic career of the past. Why anybody, (to say nothing of three great nations), should struggle so valiantly for the possession of such an out of the way place passes my understanding. Yet it was the scene of more dramatic incidents in the early history of our country than almost any other section. Wrested in turn by the Indians from the settlers, by the settlers from the Indians, by England from France, by France from England, by England from the Colonies and finally by the Colonies from England, one would imagine it was a point of the utmost strategic importance.

It doesn't seem to have been anything of the sort. It evidently derived its importance from the fact that it was a French outpost, thrust, with impudent indiscretion, so far out, as to be a constant source of irritation and temptation to the English.

In the long struggle for supremacy in America between these two powerful nations poor little Castine was always the first to feel the shock of battle. Up would come a detachment from Maine or Massachusetts, and capture the fort. News would soon reach Quebec, and down would come a horde of French or Indians to retake the post. And so on it would go—battledore and shuttlecock with Castine the ball. Traces of more than a score of forts can still be seen on its shores. The ruins of old Fort George are still in a remarkable state of preservation. The moat is intact, the esplanade harshly

broken in outline. A few hours' work, they say, would serve to put it in fairly good condition again.

It was in this fort that General Wadsworth, grandfather of Longfellow, was taken after his capture at Thomaston. The romance of his daring escape—his desperate plight on the wilds of the coast after leaving the fort, reads like a chapter from medieval days.

When the Colonists attacked this same fort it was our old friend General Wadsworth, whe led the assault in person. Paul Revere, he of the famous Lexington ride, commanded the artillery.

Another familiar name which stands forth prominently in connection with events in this part of the country is General Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, one of the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. It must be that Goggles is right, for there certainly was quality in the Lincoln blood. This General Lincoln was the trusted friend of General Henry Knox, Washington's most beloved officer in the Continental army and rendered valiant service in the army.

Another famous name in history in that same engagement was Captain, afterwards Sir John Moore, who was seriously wounded. He was subsequently killed in the Hundred Days War in Spain against Napoleon under Wellington. Byron said Wolfe's lines on that occasion were the finest he ever read. You remember them, beginning—

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
> As his corpse to the rampart we hurried.
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
> O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

"Moore," said Napoleon, who had cause to know, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer and a man of talent."

Being informed of his death, he said: "Ah! that is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously; he died like a soldier."

It seems strange doesn't it, Popsy, that such a little bit of a place as Castine should loom so large in the world's history?

We know that the great minister of Louis the Magnificent, Cardinal Richelieu, was well acquainted with every foot of Castine by constant consideration of its military strength. Mazarin, Colbert and other great chancellors of France, were likewise well informed. In the great halls of Westminster in England, maps and ground plans and approaches of Castine were the constant study of such statesmen as Clarendon, the great Bolingbroke, My Lord Buckingham, the favorite of Charles the First, Thurlow and other great ministers.

How are the mighty fallen! Today, there are now none so poor politically as to do her reverence—but the summer colony never tire of her praises.

A sense of the old importance of Castine has descended in spirit at least, to the natives of today. An unusually high standard of refinement and culture is plainly discernible and a normal high school, perhaps the finest in the state, attests the intellectual appreciation of the people. In its new rôle as one of the most delightful vacation towns on the coast it bids fair to enjoy in future a career of peace and rest as equally distinguished as its former period of war and bustle.

We left old Castine with deep regrets and a sigh for the knightly warriors of old who far from home and loved ones, still battled valiantly for country, God and king. With the passing of Castine, so ended also the dominion of France in America.

The many attractions of the island studded coast induced us to return to Rockland by steamer. Deer Isle whence come those famous mariners always selected to man the sloop selected to defend the America's cup, is seen in the distance. Dark Harbor, Isleboro and a dozen other charming resorts, are next on the way with the dark mountains of Camden in the distance. Presently Owl's Head lighthouse, marking the entrance to Rockland Harbor, looms into view and the boat swings gracefully into Rockland Harbor.

The sail was so thoroughly enjoyable that we soon reached the conclusion that we could stand a little more of the same thing. Accordingly we lunched at the Somerset and took the boat back to Portland, there to connect with the various lines that connect this summer land with the trains. In the night we passed famed Monhegan Light and again enjoyed a morning sail up beautiful Casco Bay.

The route followed by these steamers takes one through one of the most interesting regions of the Maine coast. There seem to be no end of beautiful harbors, enticing islands and other attractions. Popham Beach, Boothbay Harbor, Squirrel Island, Small Point, Pemaquid, Georgetown, Christmas Cove, far-famed Monhegan Isle, Mutineer's Hill, cause to rise up in countless minds memories of many happy hours spent along this favored region.

Pemaquid is one of the most interesting spots to the antiquarian along the whole coast of New England. It marks the site of a fort erected there as far back as 1607. On the face of a huge boulder this date is roughly carved and is all that remains of Ferdinand George's first attempt to colonize in this neighborhood.

A snap shot of Camden, Me.

Plymouth has so long held the centre of the stage with a spot light glaring all the time upon her, that few persons are aware of this early settlement at Pemaquid. Yet history tells us that even the Pilgrims themselves were saved by the little group of fishermen at Pemaquid during that terrible second winter.

Another figure, without which no New England story is ever genuine, also appears at this juncture—our ancient and venerable Indian hero, Samoset—whose "Welcome Englishman," has done duty in histories, hotel booklets, railroad guides, Forefather's dinners and real estate ads. time without number.

This picturesque figure has also been appropriated by the Pilgrims. In fact, a careful study of these enterprising gentry at that particular period shows them to have had a predilection for appropriating almost anything. No one in Plymouth seems to have been at all surprised to see a savage walk right out of the primeval forest and address them in their native tongue! He is one of the most valuable "properties" the Pilgrims have, yet he really belongs to Pemaquid. Samoset informed Governor Bradford of the existence of the settlement in Maine and as the Pilgrims were sorely pressed for food Winslow was sent with a shallop to investigate. He returned with an abundance of supplies and informed the governor that there were more than thirty ships sailing and fishing at Pemaquid Bay.

This undoubtedly led to the other trading expeditions sent out by the Pilgrims which ultimately extended as far north as Louisburg.

Pemaquid seems to have been known as a fishing and trading post as far back as 1602 and was frequently visited by vessels from both France and England. There

are other instances of such spasmodic settlements elsewhere along the coast—notably Cape Ann, whose fishing rights were actually controlled by a company in London. In fact, our little hot-tempered friend from Plymouth—Myles Standish—had quite a mix-up with one of those visiting traders on one occasion, as a result of this condition of things.

The latter was of the opinion that the Plymouth party were poaching on their preserves. That was the wrong kind of an observation to make in the presence of such a timid, shrinking sort of a violet, as the Plymouth captain. As a natural result, all hands got busy, and the Plymouth shallop sailed home with a lot of other things besides the fish they had come to catch.

Pemaquid began to grow in importance. Quite a good sized fort was built there in 1630, which was destroyed by pirates a couple of years later. Then Governor Andros of New York, received orders from England to build another. This was destroyed by Indians. A third, this time of stone and mortar, with a wall twenty-two feet high, was erected under the supervision of Sir William Phipps, the first governor of Massachusetts, at a cost of $20,000—a huge sum for those days. This was destroyed by a combined land and naval attack by the French and Indians under our friend Baron Castine and three French warships under Admiral D'Iberville.

Nothing daunted, a fourth was built by England which stood till 1759, when the last fort on old Pemaquid was destroyed by its own builders to prevent it falling into the hands of the British during the Revolution.

What Castine was to the French so was Pemaquid to the English. And during the long struggle between those powerful nations for supremacy in America, both

these almost forgotten places were constantly in the forefront of battle.

As seats of empire they no longer exist, but as havens of rest and recreation who shall deny that their latter day mission is not more valuable to the world than their former?

In the afternoon we ran over to Monhegan Island—one of the most noted of all the outlying islands of Maine. It's a dozen or so miles right out into the ocean. It is unique inasmuch as it is a small world by itself. The island contains something like a thousand acres. It has about a hundred inhabitants. The men are wholly engaged in fishing. The smaller people tend the few live stock on the island and do what little farming is possible.

There are no roads on the island. It is said that some of the natives have actually never even seen a horse and know of them only through reading. What they would do if we should suddenly tear through the blissful quiet with the honk-honk of an automobile, I do not venture to predict.

The inhabitants seem well contented. They have about a dozen or fifteen houses and a schoolhouse. There is no representative of the law on the island, the people governing themselves according to their ancient usage. They have no need of taxes consequently collect none. Most of them are comfortably situated, some even well to do. The famous light which is on their island keeps them constantly in touch with inland affairs.

About the only thing that affords them social diversion is the occasional visits of hard pressed mariners. Their island is so fortunately situated that vessels forced upon

the shore in heavy gales frequently seek the shelter of its harbor.

At such times every door is opened and the unexpected guest is made thrice welcome. After the fatigue and hunger have been relieved, the mariners spin out the story of their adventures and for the time being the island is bubbling over with excitement.

Stories of the great fight between the *Boxer* and *Enterprise,* which was fought near her rocky headlands, are still handed down from father to son in the original language of their not very remote ancestors who personally saw what they described.

They are omnivorous readers, for which they have ample time, and liberal subscribers to the better class of magazines and periodicals. There is a delightful simplicity about these people at present. But the island itself will in time become so popular with summer tourists that I fear they will ultimately discover the money making possibilities of the "Cookie" and the "personally conducted."

Let us hope these panhandling days will never penetrate ideal conditions and thus destroy the dignity and peace of dear old Monhegan.

Another island in this vicinity, of an entirely different character, but on account of its level ground, of more popularity is Squirrel Island. This has been a great favorite with Maine people for many years, but is now attracting a large and constantly increasing number of strangers from other states. Those who look for the primitive resort of twenty years ago, will be sadly disappointed they tell me. The vastly exciting game of croquet has been succeeded by golf. The amateur baseball games which formed a nine days wonder, are now

played in the handsome new Casino grounds. Evening dress is *de rigeur* at any gathering at night and the sweet simplicity of olden times has given way before the advent of wealth and fashion.

Still the change is not for the worse. I must confess that there is a positive physical tonic in the change of dress and I believe much of the growing popularity of the custom is due to the fact that people realize this fact.

Directly across the bay is Boothbay Harbor—another charming resort and there are scores and hundreds all about here equally good. All this part of Maine is ideal summer land. Its cool and bracing breezes come from the Arctic current which flows direct from the pole almost down the coast of Maine.

This strata of ice cold water does not meet the warm water of the Gulf Stream till it reaches Portsmouth. At that point the Gulf Stream makes out into the ocean bound for Europe. It never touches the waters of Maine. That's why bathing at Bar Harbor and almost anywhere else north of York Beach is considered too cold to be popular.

In leaving the "rock-bound coast of Maine" it is with a lovely sense of its many remarkable attractions. If we have apparently forgotten our car, Papa, it is simply that the marine end of our trip for the time being proved too seductive to resist.

I rather imagine we shall make a short trip into the White Mountains. It is a few hours run from here. In fact, Goggles says this is the most astonishing country he ever saw—all sorts and kinds of country rolled into one—and all so near to each other that a few hours' run will take you from one to the other.

Goggles is a surprisingly good sailor. Also a good golfer. He doesn't believe in shooting. Can't understand why anyone should want to kill such a sweet and beautiful creature as a deer.

Neither do I and I am glad to find one man who doesn't need to go a-butchering to make a holiday.

I hope to get one of your far-famed letters one of these days.

Your aff.

HELEN.

CHAPTER V

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Daddy:

I am beginning to count the minutes till I see you again. A month, ordinarily, is not so long, but the one just ahead of me seems as if it stretched into eternity.

I was glad to know by your letters at Portland that you still had lots of confidence in the common sense of your only daughter. Of course, I didn't mean you to understand that I was serious when I spoke of Goggles. Still it is nice of you to say what you did.

I think myself that if he is the right man, money needn't make so much difference. I have plenty for both.

But I rather imagine the difficulty in that case would be with this imperious young person himself. Nothing can exceed the extreme condescension, the hearty disdain, with which he demeans himself toward what he terms the "recent rich."

Anyone to see him on these occasions would esteem him the scion of a hundred earls. It's positively refreshing.

I shall, however, from now on, dismiss him from my mind. He has been a most excellent guide, and has exerted himself to the utmost to make everyone comfortable. I have decided that I don't want him as a chauffeur—it's really embarrassing at times to hand him shawls, straps and things, and treat him as a "useful" man. And there

are times when he seems too superior for even cigarettes, plug or smoking.

Oh, dear! I wish I had stayed at home.

Your Loving Daughter,

HELEN.

[*Letter from Van to Drysdale.*]

IN CAMP.

Dear Drysdale:

I suppose I ought to shed hot scalding tears at the awful dilemma in which you are placed. I am so lost in admiration, however, at your effrontery in blaming me for it, that I cannot quite get into the proper melting mood.

Any man who is so hopelessly in love with a woman to whom he may only say, "Yes, mem." "No, mem." "Do you think so?" etc., is hardly a fit subject for commiseration.

Now if it were only Edith. Oh! I forgot to tell you. Her party met with some mishap which compelled them to return to such pitiable hospitality as we could afford. They were here for about a week.

If Miss Winthrop is anything half as sweet as Edith (but pshaw! that can't possibly be) I could understand your perfectly ridiculous procedure. Edith is one girl in a thousand; yes, in a million.

I think you have intimated that Miss Winthrop is passing fair. In fact, you have raved over her beauty so much that it is positively disgusting. What will you say when you see Edith?

She will be in New York next winter. She has a cousin there who is her great chum. Same name, too, as that

A bit of Surf near Camden, Maine

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girl who has you hypnotized—Helen. Wonder if it's the same?

Can't be. Edith is one of *our* kind. She doesn't teach school, as, no doubt, Miss Winthrop does—though that is not crime. Yes it is. At any rate it's punished by hard labor.

Well, what I started out to say, before I got off the track, was that your gunboat suggestion is not at all bad. We can see the coast for miles from a high boulder not far from the camp, and access to the shore is easy and safe.

No one thinks assistance could possibly reach us from that side, so it is left entirely unprotected. You see we are on a narrow strip of upland, and the trail leads from the interior.

Edith and her party were much interested in your gunboat scheme. She thinks it is perfectly splendid.

They depart tomorrow. After that your gunboat can't come any too soon.

Yours,

VAN.

P. S.—Courier has just brought in word that a small black object is descried on the horizon. It is leaving a long dark trail in the sky behind it.

Well, if it's your gunboat it will have to wait a day.

V.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

That letter of yours is the proverbial strain that breaks the back of one of the most monumental asses in New England.

What a preposterous and ridiculous idea it is to even think of trying to break through the rascals who surround you!

There have been times, dear Van, during the past few weeks, in which I could have applauded that spectacular and dramatic manner of your taking off. But not now, Van; not now.

Your mother needs you. Your father needs you. Your sister needs you. Edith needs you. It is not to be thought of.

Besides, have you paused to reflect upon the lovely situation in which your demise at the present time will leave me?

Of course, if you choose to break the hearts of all your friends and family, you will try to escape. But take my advice and remain inactive. You are not prepared to die. I cabled for a gunboat which ought to reach you soon.

Get on board and they will let you off at the first American port you touch. From there, get on a railroad train and come up here, quick.

Miss Winthrop's father is expected home in about a month. We are now returning to New York. I am just as far away from the object of my travels as I was at the start.

With possibly this exception. We do get along famously together. We often walk alone, and many opportunities are provided for long and delightful *tete-a-tetes*.

Oh, if only *you* were here! But you've spoiled everything. I scarcely hear a knock on the door without thinking some idiot of an officer has come to arrest me.

In your detestable mind, no doubt, this would make a happy ending. If Miss Winthrop cares for me she will be all sympathy and helpfulness; refuse to believe me

guilty and stoutly protest that it is all a horrible mistake.

I grant you, Van, that that is a very delightful picture. Can you imagine the situation?

TIME—THE PRESENT.

SCENE—In the Grounds of the Aspinwall, Lenox.

ENTER: Deeply distressed female weeping bitterly. Soft music, green lights.

"Where is my faithful Goggles? Oh! Shall I never see him again? How can I live without Goggles! Come to my arms, Goggles. Never more shall we be parted, never. I love you, love you, love you!"

Say Van, that's perfectly fine. I don't care how soon I'm arrested.

What's that? Suppose she skipped back to New York leaving you to look out for yourself?

Of course, it wouldn't be you if you didn't think up some nasty thing like that, you green-eyed monster.

Van, you can make a man think of more horrible situations in a minute, with your inane suggestions, than I can forget in a month. It's positively indecent.

Yes, and what's worse, if you never turn up again, as you surely won't (if you are killed down there in that wilderness), there will never be any explanation.

Good-night, sweet, kind friend. Is my necktie on straight? Does it harmonize with the color of the rope?

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Pop:

I shall only be able to write you a few letters now as it will soon be sailing date. Oh! how glad I'll be to see you!

We met with what threatened to be rather a sad accident yesterday. Chubb was at the steering-wheel of a strange car when it struck a sunken trolley track, half hidden under tall grass. The jolt threw the wheel out of his hands and he lost control.

In a moment we were skimming down the road at a very lively gait, headed straight for a clump of trees. I didn't realize the danger till I heard Chubb cry, "Jump, Miss Winthrop, jump!"

And he disappeared over the side!

Aunt Fanny was in a faint. I began to realize the great danger we were in, but was perfectly helpless.

Faster and faster slipped the road under us, and these awful black trees with their waving branches, seemed fairly to be dancing in ghoulish glee at our impending catastrophe.

Already one side of the machine had left the level road and was rocking violently to and fro. I was so utterly dazed with fear that I didn't hear the chug-chug of another machine now almost alongside. Another moment I thought, and it will all be over. I remember a distinct feeling of relief at the thought that the horrible suspense would soon be ended, and closed my eyes to shut out the impending crash.

A grating, grinding sound suddenly struck my ears and a feeling that the power had been suddenly shut off caused a wild hope to leap in my heart. Had something

miraculous suddenly intervened to prevent our certain destruction?

I was too stunned to reason or comprehend. I guess I must have joined Aunt Fanny in a faint. However that may be, I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the lush grass looking right up into the smiling face of—Goggles!

"You're all right," he sang out cheerily, "but be still a moment. I'll get you a glass of water."

In a moment he returned and the delicious draught sent renewed life through my shattered nerves. Then he turned to another form on the ground.

"Where's Aunt Fanny?" I asked, anxiously.

"Here, my dear," said a voice in the direction of Goggles. "But what in the world has happened? Are we alive?"

"Seems so. There's the machine; there's the trees. And there's Goggles. Why, there's two machines!"

And so there was.

Goggles never had any confidence in Chubb as a driver he told me that night. So when we started out he kept close behind in his Maxwell, "for anything that might be needed," he explained.

He understood exactly what had happened and was alongside in far less time than it takes to tell. It was the work of a moment to throw off the power and apply the brake. How he managed the jump from his car to ours I do not know. Nor will any amount of coaxing get him to say anything about it. He was as mute as an oyster when we brought the subject up after dinner, so I have given him up as a queer customer.

We retired rather early. I was rather badly shaken up and had a real good fright. Before going upstairs Aunt Fanny had the grace to send for him.

"You are a very brave and noble lad," she said, in that whole-souled manner she has when she wants to. "I wish to thank you for my niece and for myself. It was a courageous thing to do."

"The niece endorses emphatically all the Aunt has said," I added, holding out my hand.

For about the fraction of a minute he hesitated. Then I felt a warm pressure that—would you believe it—sent the color to my cheeks?

Thank goodness it was dark. I shan't shake hands with that young man again till my nerves are in better shape. And you better hurry home.

Your loving daughter, HELEN.

N. B.—We didn't see Chubb again. He wasn't badly hurt, only he thought he had been away from the office long enough. He didn't even stop to bid us good-bye.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

THE ASPINWALL, LENOX, MASS.

My dear Van:

Affairs at the old homestead are moving along in their old quiet humdrum way. The old brindle cow is now giving two quarts a day, and the old oaken bucket, three. Old Dobbin has gone lame, the hens have the pip and the corn is full of rust. Several new kinds of gold bricks have been sold to me since my last, and a note for fifteen hundred dollars turned up, raised from fifteen, which I gave for a new incubator.

The incubator man also sold me the country rights for a great scheme to raise chickens cheaply.

I was to feed them cornmeal exclusively for awhile, then mix a little sawdust with the meal. I was gradually

to diminish the corn and increase the sawdust till no meal was left.

The plan seemed to work all right till suddenly a brood was hatched. Most of the chicks had wooden legs. And one was a woodchuck.

Then the hens began to lay nothing but knotholes.

Finally, one morning, when I was in a hurry, I bit a hard boiled egg in two and got my mouth full of splinters.

With these trifling exceptions the independent life of a farmer is still all that the poets rave about.

Last night at the meetin' house the choir sang, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" And I told the pastor that if he would locate a certain young lady answering to the name of Edith, that at least, one wandering boy would be found not far from that vicinity. I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that you let that gunboat go. I fully expect a high sounding epistle about your magnanimous sacrifice on behalf of a distressed female whom your desertion at that time would have exposed to an almost certain and horrible death.

It is simply disgusting to think what a man will do for a pretty face. Home, mother, honor, friends—everything—is sacrificed at the rustle of a silken skirt so long as the owner is fair to look upon.

And what do you suppose she cares for you—you miserable, smudgy-faced ditch digger? Bah! it makes me shudder to think of the frailty of man—the utter worthlessness of human friendship under such circumstances.

Your place is home. Here. And right now. Any moment I may be haled as a detestable criminal! And all because *you* can't be found.

And just when things were going so nicely with Miss Winthrop, too!

Oh! for words to express my opinion of you—caitiff, coward, wretch!

Unless I receive immediately, a telegram or letter saying that you have started, I shall positively forbid Helen from renewing her acquaintance with Edith in New York.

Disgustedly yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Pop:

I wish there was some way of coming home by rail from London. Now that you are really packing up, the time seems to drag so. Don't postpone your departure again, will you?

I had a rather long letter from Mr. Chubb this morning. It didn't interest me, particularly. He makes a long explanation which doesn't explain.

Mr. Goggles took us for a ride through these beautiful hills. Both Aunt Fanny and myself have decided that some breaking down of the barriers is permissible now, under the circumstances. We talked now on the approaching end of our trip, and his future.

"I've had some letters from father," I said, by way of introducing the subject.

No answer.

"I mentioned to him the fact that I had discovered, possibly, a valuable addition to the forces of the Tobacco Company."

"Awfully good of you to put in that 'possibly.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Teddy Bear."

A Bit of the Berkshires

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No answer.

"I as much as told His Majesty that he must take care of you. They do that occasionally in the company, I believe."

"How touching."

"Exactly."

"What would I be supposed to do?"

"I don't know. Couldn't you draw your salary?"

"Yes. But would that pass for work, there?"

"It's been known to."

He didn't seem to betray an overwhelming interest in the project, papa, and I am afraid after all he might prove more ornamental than useful. And I'd hate to be the means of introducing such an anomaly into your splendid organization.

He had a rough sketch of a new house which seemed to interest him more. "This," he explained, looking at the plans," is the house of John o' Dreams; he is building it for the bride of his imagination. See, here is the rose garden, and here's the——"

"What room is that?" I said, interrupting.

"Oh, that's the gun room. Across the hall is the billiard room. Up in the tower there, is the study. It overlooks the sea. The music room is here."

"And where may this wonderful mansion be?"

" 'Tisn't very wonderful, nor even a mansion. Merely a little shooting box I was—he is—supposed to build on the coast of Scotland. The moors are all behind it. Here they are; see!" And he pointed out the direction.

"Close to the sea; isn't it?"

"Very. The tower rooms look directly over it. The surf breaks on the foundation rocks."

"John o' Dreams is quite a clever architect," I re-

marked; "almost as clever as the artist who taught you cooking in the lumber camp. "I wonder if he is a reincarnation, too?"

Goggles smiled. And such a winning, genial smile! Not that half frightened cynical one of old, but something so irresistible, so infectious, that it captured everything.

Aunt Fanny has been much interested in our,—I mean Mr. Goggles'—queer doctrine of Reincarnation. Certainly if it produces such good architects, good chauffeurs and good dinners, it can't be a bad thing. I tell him to stay here with it. There never was a time when something new in the Psychic line wasn't welcomed with open arms in New England.

Christian Science for the time being has lost its novelty. For a good many years, however, this church will produce a body of soothsayers, readers and doctors that will do much to gratify the craving of New England for the weird and the mystic.

The Spiritualists still hold forth in highly respectable numbers, and manage to secure an apparently endless supply of dupes. They do the same old rappings on the same old table in the same old way. Their Camp Meetings are everywhere in summer, but something else is needed, some new psycalistic shocker and Reincarnation is as good as any.

I am sorry to say, however, that Free Thinking seems to have got the better start. There is quite a discussion going on now about this fad. I don't know just what it means, nor what it is about. But it touches more especially on Marriage and Divorce—the Uselessness of Either. Ahem!

Some fine morning when our dear Puritanic friends suddenly realize "whither they are drifting," that old

New England conscience will wake and smite them hip and thigh. Into the fire will go all these essays on Trial Marriages, Should the State Take the Children, and other such shocking themes as are now discussed in all piety and sincerity.

From the days of good old Anne Hutchinson to the present, New England has always been the friend, the protector and the guardian angel of the man or woman with a new cult.

Think then of the beauty of Reincarnation! No matter how feeble we seem to be or listless or unambitious. That's "suspended animation" for which we are not to blame. When Nature wants us to be great she will bestow upon us the peerless gift of genius. So, no matter what condition may be ours—it is right.

I don't think much of that doctrine myself. Still, as food for thought for the faddist it will do as well as the others.

I simply just love to relate all these queer things to you, Popsy—you are so patient, so tolerant, so altogether helpless.

Besides that, I don't believe you read much more than to find out whether I am alive and well or not. Then the secretary does the rest.

Sir! A Day of Reckoning Is At Hand!

Till then, as ever,

Your loving,

HELEN.

P. S.—You are great because your father was great, Mr. Reincarnation.

[*Letter from Van.*]

My dear Drysdale:

I am writing you this note with my eyes filled with tears and my heart heavy with sorrow.

I let the gunboat go!

I know you will forgive me when you know the reason why. You would have done the same thing had you been in my place.

Besides, I don't believe you will be hung right away. Of course, you might, I'll admit, but then you always were lucky. I honestly forgot all about that at the time. It was beastly careless of me, and I am ashamed of myself.

I cannot sleep at night now for thinking. Every once in a while I hear a deep solemn voice saying something about "hanging by the neck till you be dead," and I see your face looking at me, oh! so reproachfully.

It's dreadfully annoying, especially when one would rather—much rather—be thinking of someone else. Why can't these vulgar criminals be kept where they belong?

As I said in my last letter, the party, including Miss Edith, returned for a few weeks' stay. Now, old man, I would gladly have left on the boat, only, don't you see, there was an unprotected female on my hands, so to speak. Why, it would have been certain death to leave her at that critical moment. Her father, brother, and rest of the party—what did they know about the dangers which threatened her on every side? Besides, they had enough to do to look after the others.

I tell you, my boy, it was one of those supreme moments when self simply *had* to be forgotten. I flatter myself that I had moral courage enough to rise to the

occasion. Congratulate me. It is very hard, sometimes, to choose 'twixt love and duty.

The captain said he couldn't get here again for another month. I don't think Edith can stay any longer than a month. At least, she says so.

When you recall the fact that these coasters don't get here much oftener than once a year, a month doesn't seem so fearfully long, does it?

I think I would worry about missing that gunboat were it not that I understood your high ideals so well—Rescue the Perishing! Duty first—and all these other humdrum aphorisms, as I used to call them.

Now, I realize what they mean, and am lost in profound admiration of your splendid character, which, I fear, I did not sufficiently appreciate before.

Ever yours,

VAN.

P. S.—Why don't you drop that silly infatuation you have for Helen? It's positively sickening. Resume your proper place in society, and let me stay here as long as I want.

Edith thinks it is delightful and is in no hurry to get back.

[*Letter from Helen to her Father.*]

Dear Daddy:

Thanks for your cablegram. You needn't hurry home on my account. I didn't mean to alarm you.

You don't understand. Every once in a while I have just a sort of hankering for you that I can't help. It doesn't mean that I'm ill or anything of the sort. If you were just an ordinary, every-day, commonplace father,

you might comprehend. But you're so many different kinds of Wizards, Magnates, Napoleons, etc., etc., that you can't be expected to know.

Perhaps if that magician of figures at the head of your auditing department was requested to take these plaints of mine and tabulate them into rows and columns of bewildering figures, he would deduce the startling but correct result that the answer was—one little homesick daughter would like to crawl into the lap of her long lost daddy.

And why? Well, because.

That again is a sealed book to you. Though you have read—or are supposed to have read—no end of long and intimate letters from your loving child.

Yet, it isn't what I say in these letters that ought to interest you. It's what I don't say. Now, isn't that plain?

Well, I'm going to stop scolding you. Perhaps on the way over you may get time to think.

Sometimes I wish you would get sick. Not very sick, you know, but just enough to have the doctor order you away for a rest.

Then you and I and Goggles could just go off and motor to our heart's content.

I wish I could get out of the habit of reckoning Goggles in on all my future plans. But that young man is evidently a necessary part of all my calculations. When he takes a day off I simply do nothing till he comes back.

If work produces such men as you and Goggles I don't see the use of leisure. And would you mind telling me just one thing? Why should a man worth millions keep on piling them up?

It is because if he doesn't he will develop (or degenerate) into one of our leisure class?

If so, I don't blame him. But there ought to be a happy medium somewhere.

Goggles says wealth is no crime. "In which event," I remarked, "you are in no danger of prosecution."

"Perhaps not," he answered. "Anyhow, I'd hate to get in trouble among strangers in a strange land."

I didn't say anything, but I don't think he is absolutely without friends while you and I are living, is he, Pop?

Well, soon I'll see you, then I'll happy be.

Your loving,

HELEN.

[From the New York Daily Orb.]

THE GREAT VAN RENSSELAER MYSTERY.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST IN THE CASE.

Splendid work of the Detective Bureau.

Special to the Orb.

LENOX, MASS.—Considerable excitement was created among the Summer Contingent and the Cottage Colony by the arrest of one Goggles, a chauffeur in charge of a party of tourists who had been motoring through New England.

The arrest was made in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, a resident of this village.

It will be recalled by our residents, that Mr. Van Rensselaer left Lenox suddenly, some time ago, in response to an urgent telegram from New York signed Drysdale. It was reported at the time that the real cause of his departure was in connection with the famous Kitty Belle mines, in Mexico, in which the Van Rensselaers are heavily interested.

As no word from young Mr. Van Rensselaer has reached the family for some time they naturally became anxious and started an investigation.

Judge of their dismay when they learned that all letters, telegrams, cables, etc., sent to the Waldorf, where he was last seen, were forwarded to various places in New England, where it is needless to say Mr. Van Rensselaer never was.

Swift upon the heels of this startling discovery came the information that a Lord Drysdale, a friend of his, and whom he presumably had gone to New York to meet, had also disappeared from view!

The situation now assumed a most serious aspect and the feelings of the family may better be imagined than described.

Considerable difficulty was encountered by the failure of the hotel people to co-operate with the authorities. They treated the whole matter as a joke, and positively refused to answer any questions, claiming that guests in their house had the same privacy as if they were in their own homes.

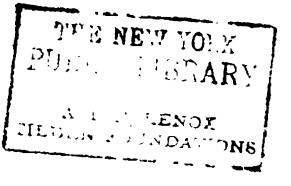
Matters remained in this condition until an item bearing upon the case appeared last Monday (exclusively) in the *Daily Orb*.

This fell under the watchful eye of Mr. Josiah Chubb, whose father is the well-known Coal Baron.

He called at headquarters and detailed a strange experience he had with a chauffeur during a recent trip to New England. They were stopping at a place on the North Shore. An accident detained him from a dinner engagement, and to his unspeakable disgust he found one of the ladies of the party dining with the chauffeur.

The bearing of the chauffeur was so natural, that for

Lake Maguntícook. Beyond this mountain and only a short drive is the Ocean at Camden, Me.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the moment Mr. Chubb was thrown off his guard. In the character of gentleman he was apparently letter perfect in his rôle.

An incident occurred at the conclusion of the dinner, however, which the authorities think will have a great bearing on the great Van Rensselaer-Drysdale mystery.

The chauffeur had the effrontery to offer his cigarette case to Mr. Chubb. Although Mr. Chubb was about to resent this piece of impertinence, he concealed his annoyance as he saw at once that the case was of rare design and exceptionally costly. In the middle of the case were some initials and a coat-of-arms.

As near as Mr. Chubb could recollect, the party must be somewhere in the Berkshire Hills.

Detective Keller from headquarters was immediately despatched to that locality, and after tracing them through a number of towns finally came up to them at Lenox.

Upon being requested to accompany the officer to New York, Mr. Goggles—that is the name of the chauffeur—was visibly perturbed. He begged piteously to be allowed to make some such arrangements as would insure the safety and comfort of the party in his charge, till such time as his company could provide a substitute driver.

Mr. Chubb described him as a man of unusual ability, with all the airs and graces of a Chesterfield. That he is a criminal of more than ordinary cunning is best proven by the fact that he induced the detective to accede to his wishes, obtained sufficient time to assure the ladies of his party that it was all a horrible mistake which would be duly rectified.

One of the party, Miss Helen Winthrop, daughter of

Mr. John Winthrop, the great Tobacco magnate, was plainly distressed at the turn events have taken. Mr. Chubb says that the attentions of this chauffeur to this well known heiress were very marked. "It became so apparent," remarked this gentleman, "that I was in duty bound to put a stop to the ridiculous affair."

Nevertheless, the young woman in question sent some urgent cables to Nantucket in an attempt to reach by wireless some incoming steamship.

She also announced her determination to abandon the trip at once and return to New York by the White Mountain Express which leaves here this afternoon.

The other members of the party, especially one elderly lady, are dumfounded at the arrest of Goggles. Aunt Fanny, as she is called, has also decided to accompany her niece to New York.

The young man, doubtless, has need of all the friends he can get in this terrible situation. He is utterly unable to produce any evidence to account for the possession of some letters addressed to Van Rensselaer which were found among his effects. Nor can any trace either of Van Rensselaer or Drysdale be found.

The police argue, and rightly, too, that if either of these gentlemen were alive they would show themselves at this critical juncture of affairs. The appearance of Van Rensselaer alone would undoubtedly save the neck of Goggles, as he is not yet charged with the disappearance of Drysdale. And a few weeks' delay is all-important in a case of this kind.

Further particulars, with photographs of the principals and scenes in the now celebrated Tour Through New England will appear in the Special News Section of the Sunday edition of the *Orb*.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

My dear Young Christian Friend:

This is a voice from the Tombs.

Yes.

I've finally been arrested.

Give my love to Edith.

I would cheerfully sink that gunboat and leave you both marooned where you are. Only I dare not.

The Judge told me that if I was so positive that you were alive all I need do was to produce you. That would end the whole matter, as I was not implicated in the Drysdale affair at all.

I thanked him and said I could only ask him to take my word for it for a few weeks. At the end of that time if I failed, I would save the State the expense of a trial and plead guilty.

Will you therefore kindly explain my sorry plight to Edith, and say that I would greatly appreciate it if she would resume her journey and allow you to forsake the primrose path of dalliance and return to home, and duty?

When the news of my arrest leaked out in the village, Miss Winthrop was temporarily absent. Upon her return she at once summoned the detective. I lived a thousand years while that wretch was gone.

"What did she say? How did she act?" I demanded the moment he returned.

As near as I could make out she was simply stunned with horror at first. Poor Aunt Fanny was completely prostrated.

As the detective proceeded in his narration he came to the name of Chubb.

In an instant, he told me, her whole demeanor changed.

"Chubb, did you say—Chubb? Is he the man who is at the bottom of all this trouble?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly answered the minion of the law.

He told me afterwards he never was so completely taken back in his life. In a moment, her deep dejection vanished, and she was quivering with anger.

"There, Aunt Fanny, I knew it. It's nothing but a contemptible, dirty trick. That young man is poor, alone, and friendless. A stranger in a strange land."

Van, I hated you when I heard that. What a disgraceful dog you are to lead me into such a rôle of deceit and dishonor. Oh! How can I ever forgive you!

Well, there was more talk in the same strain, but as it hurts my conscience to even think about it, I shall forbear its recital.

But she isn't only a fair-weather friend. I saw her for just a moment, and before everyone she came up and said:

"Upon your word of honor as a gentleman, guilty or not guilty?"

"Upon my word of honor, as a gentleman," I slowly repeated, looking straight into her eyes, "Not guilty!"

"Then," she said, holding out her hand with all her old-time cordiality, "let slip the dogs of war; there's one good fighter in the family already. Who knows but there may be two?"

And so I left her.

The detective said they would follow on the next train.

I feel very happy tonight. Just one or two more days of this experience and I shall know beyond peradventure whether her 'art is true to Goggles or not.

That's worth everything that can possibly happen.

What a pity that there are not enough Helens to go around, Van.

Edith, I suppose, is well enough in her way, but I really wish my old friend could be fortunate enough to meet another Helen.

Yours in ecstasy, DRYSDALE.

[*Wireless Telegram from Helen to her Father.*]

MR. JOHN WINTHROP, Passenger Steamer *Deutschland,* via Nantucket:

Please save your very first hour on land for me. Need your advice and counsel very, very much. Will meet you with tug.

HELEN.

[*Letter from Helen to Goggles.*]

Dear Mr. Goggles:

We arrived yesterday afternoon from Lenox, feeling certain that we had made no mistake in you.

I tried to reach father by Wireless yesterday. His steamer ought to be near Nantucket this morning. He is due tomorrow.

I think it will do no harm to enlist his counsel and influence. I haven't spoken much to you of him, but he is really a man of some consequence in this town, though no one would ever know it. He is not fond of the limelight, and so you don't hear so much of him as you might.

But I will have him call and see you. I firmly believe in your innocence, and do not intend to leave you to fight it out alone if I can help it.

We all need friends, at times. If you have deceived me in any way, now is the time to speak. I am honest in

my determination to help you. I have accepted your word of honor in the Van Rensselaer matter so that need no longer be discussed. But is there any other white lie, Reincarnation, or anything else, that you have not been frank about and that would cause me distress if I knew it?

I want to know that I am fighting for a man who always impressed me as incapable of a dishonest action.

What does *he* say?

Yours truly, HELEN WINTHROP.

[*Letter from Goggles to Miss Winthrop.*]

My dear Miss Winthrop:

It is certainly very kind of you to write me such a reassuring letter as yours of yesterday.

I am more than obliged to you for your kind offers of assistance. But in an unsavory incident of this nature, do you think it wise to become identified with it?

My judgment would be to let everything rest until the arrival of your father which may now be hourly expected.

It is quite possible that he may recall having met me in Paris. I believe I mentioned this incident before.

I do not now remember any act of deceit on my part which would cause you any uneasiness. I have not, however, like Othello, told you the whole story of my life. There are some ghastly details.

As you are very earnest on this point, I do not feel as if I could answer it except as I have above. Suppose you withdraw it till I have seen your father? I promise you then an answer satisfactory to the utmost limit.

With many thanks for your kind interest, I am,

Sincerely yours, ARTHUR GOGGLES.

[*Letter from Drysdale to Van.*]

Dear Van:

Richard's himself again!

Yes. Honorably discharged and all that sort of thing, you know. Many abject apologies on the part of Headquarters and a general objuration by everybody, of Chubb.

And you, my dear friend, the cause of all this misery—you go scot free.

Is there such a thing as justice in this world?

Well, I suppose you'd like to know all about it. You don't deserve it, but I'll tell you.

Helen's father arrived in the afternoon. He had already been notified by wireless that his presence was urgently needed.

Upon learning the particulars from Helen he called up his legal department. He keeps a whole department for his own use.

Great heads in that legal department, Van. No use talking, it's certainly a great company. They got me clear of the meshes of the law in no time.

But, let me tell you from the beginning.

I met the Governor, as I told you, in Paris, when he was over there trying to buy the Government Monopoly of Tobacco. I happened to know some people whom he found it necessary to meet, and was able to help him a bit.

Perhaps that's not right, exactly. I don't believe anybody could help him. But, however, that's not the point. He seemed to think I did, which is the same thing.

I concluded to make what use I could of that fortunate meeting. I carefully arranged that no one but he should be admitted at our first interview.

The rest was not difficult.

I told him frankly just what an unmitigated ass you were, and how your infatuation for a petticoat had got us all into this trouble.

He was awfully disgusted with you, Van. I'd hate to repeat all the mean things he said, but you deserved them all and more.

That was before I told him how I had gone to New England with his daughter's party.

"You don't mean to tell me that you adopted this ruse for fear my girl would fall in love with the title instead of the man, do you?"

"Not that way exactly, sir," I stammered. "She could have her pick, any time, in England. But I wanted to be chosen for myself—for my winsome manners, my fatal gift of beauty and other unapproachable accomplishments," I added, trying hard to laugh.

"How did you come out?" he asked.

"Well—you're here, for one thing."

"I see. I suppose the first thing to do is to get you out of this place. Then we'll go up to the house and talk things over. Helen know anything about this Lordship business yet?"

"No, sir; I think not."

"Well, you better let things be as they are for the present. I'd like to have a talk with Helen myself before anything more is done."

"The legal department will see that you get out of here soon. When you do, come up to the house. I'll go there now with Helen. Here's the address."

The rest of the story I gleaned from Helen.

"Well, what do you think of Goggles?" she asked as soon as their big car edged itself clear of the curb.

"All right."

The governor isn't much of a talker.

Silence for a block.

Then, like a shot out of a gun.

"Helen, are you much interested in this young man?"

"Well—er—er—that is—no—yes—I don't know."

"Yes, you do. Else why all this fuss about him? Anyhow, I've asked him up to dinner tonight. We'll both look him over."

Now, I'm not going to tell you any more. Helen agreed with me perfectly that you are an unspeakable wretch for compelling me to deceive her so long. She never thought that of you. Was horribly shocked, etc., etc.

We had so much to talk about that evening—our recent travels, reincarnation, etc., that we soon forgot the author of all our misery.

I do wish, however, that we could hear from you.

Yours,

DRYSDALE.

[*Telegram from Van to Drysdale.*]

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Edith's yacht turned up unexpectedly. Coming up fast as I can. Reach New York about three, four weeks. Guess you can hold out all right. She grows more charming every day.

VAN.

[*From the New York Herald.*]

WINTHROP—DRYSDALE.—On Monday, at the residence of the bride's father, Lord Arthur Prescott Drysdale to Helen, youngest daughter of John Winthrop. London papers please copy.

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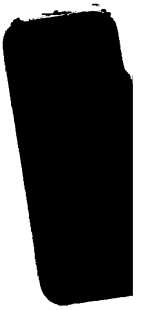
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